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PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S MESSAGE.

MR. LINCOLN'S proposal that the Federal Government shall contribute to the expense of emancipation is the first approximately definite indication of his general policy. The arguments by which he recommends the project are even more significant than the direct overture to the slaveholders. Congress is asked to vote funds by which the Border States may be induced to place themselves outside the frontier of slavery; and in his public Message, the President discreetly assumes that the reclamation of all the seceding States will follow as a natural consequence when they are finally separated from their former allies. The hopes of the Southern cotton-planters are supposed to be bound up with the maintenance of the undivided Confederacy, and Mr. LINCOLN scarcely disguises the admission that their calculations of success are not altogether unreasonable. Some persons, as he says — or, in other words, all sober politicians — believe that, notwithstanding the progress of the Federal arms, the extreme South will be able to establish its independence. It might follow that the intermediate States, retaining kindred institutions, would elect to join the Federation which attracted them by the similarity of its interests and its laws. The object of the Seceders would thus be fully attained, although the superiority of the Northern forces had temporarily reduced Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee to a precarious allegiance. The President conventionally takes it for granted that the Gulf States are incapable of standing alone; but the real purpose of his recommendation is to reduce them to the condition which he affects to regard as impossible. His plan, if it proves to be practicable, appears to be prudent and statesmanlike, and even if it leads to no direct result, it may prepare Northern opinion for negotiations which might otherwise disappoint the popular hopes. There is no doubt that if the war were to cease at this moment, all the regions where slavery prevails would at once gravitate to their natural centre in the Southern Confederacy. Some of the States might perhaps be split in two by the antagonistic influences of differently situated districts; but Eastern Virginia, Western Tennessee, Missouri, Kentucky, and even Maryland, would sever themselves without hesitation from their uncongenial connexion with the North. It certainly seems possible that the policy of the Border States may be fundamentally altered, if they can be induced to accept compensation for the immediate or prospective manumission of their slaves.

The objection that the Government is already overburdened with debts and liabilities is not likely to interfere with the acceptance of Mr. LINCOLN'S proposal. It would be worth while to make almost any pecuniary sacrifice by which a single wavering State could be permanently secured to the Union. Congress will scarcely consider the difficulty of raising a few additional millions, and the money would be better spent in limiting the area of the war than in providing additional fleets and armies. It may be true that, as the President says, the campaign will soon consume a sum far exceeding any probable compensation for slaves; but, in the first instance, both causes of outlay will be in existence at the same time. The real obstacle to the transaction can only be tested by experience, for it is uncertain whether any of the Slave States will be inclined to enter on the negotiation. Three slaveholding communities are at present subjected to the power of the Federal Government, and it is probable that the insignificant State of Delaware may be willing to abolish a system which has already almost died out within its dominion. The district of Columbia, which though it is governed by Congress, has not yet been relieved from slavery, will furnish a still more advantageous opportunity for Mr. LINCOLN'S experiment.

Maryland will hesitate between deep-rooted antipathy to the Government and a prudent desire to sell a kind of property which may at any moment be confiscated by superior power. In the larger States, which have been partially or wholly overrun by the Federal armies, any nascent sentiment in favour of reunion will be rudely checked by the suggestion of even an amicable interference with slavery. If the Border States consulted their own material interests, they would gladly make a bargain for the loss of their slaves; but the sentiment and passion which have been imported into the question are likely to outweigh any deliberate calculation. The breeders of human stock in Virginia may be more easily compensated than the Southern customers who frequent their negro market, because the value of the land is not, as in the cotton countries, dependent on an abundant supply of compulsory labour. As the Fugitive Slave Law will never again be practically operative, the tenure by which the slaves are held in the neighbourhood of the Free States will henceforth always be uncertain. Between expediency on one side, and angry prejudice on the other, it is not easy to anticipate the decision of the Border States.

The plan is likely to be generally popular in the North, for the Republicans will claim the commencement of emancipation as a triumph, while the Democrats will approve of the official recognition of property in human beings. Mr. LINCOLN sensibly observes that it is better for emancipation to be gradual, and both parties may claim to have accelerated or retarded a result which they regard with opposite feelings. The most important part of the Message is, however, not the offer which it suggests, but the distinction which is drawn in its terms between the different sections of the Confederacy. Peace will be less unattainable when the country has been accustomed to understand that absolute subjection of the South is not the only tolerable termination of the war. There are, indeed, enormous difficulties to be encountered in any possible termination of the contest, and the probable dissatisfaction of any re-united slave district deserves the notice which Mr. LINCOLN'S Message directs to its natural consequences. If, however, the war is not waged to determine a frontier, it seems that it must be almost endless. The recent advance of the Federal forces may create a basis for negotiation, by placing a great part of the disputed territory in the hands of the stronger belligerent. The maintenance of the actual state of affairs is a convenient demand to prefer in negotiations for peace; and if the movements of the Federal troops shift the scene of the war further southward, the Government of Washington may reasonably claim all the territory which its armies will have cleared of an enemy. It would be premature to calculate on the effect of giving so many recent enemies of the Union a share in the councils of the Government which they have hitherto refused to recognise.

Although no decisive action has taken place, the Federalists have secured an advantage which their great superiority of force will perhaps enable them to retain. As they can spare abundant garrisons for the successive forts which they occupy, it will not be easy, even if fortune changes, for the Confederates to resume their former positions. The loss of Fort Donelson is variously explained by the treachery or imbecility of the commander, or by the cowardice of his troops. Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS expresses a common feeling when he declares that he cannot understand the surrender, and that he can scarcely believe it. Whatever may have been the causes of the disaster, the Confederate Generals in the West have considered it imprudent to attempt further resistance in Northern Tennessee. Their retreat along their whole line west of the Alleghanies is a prudent and skilful operation, and their enemies will find it difficult to follow except where

there is water for the iron-cased gunboats. It is curious that not a single advantage has been obtained by the Federals out of reach of the flotilla, except at Mill Spring, where the Confederate General is said to have first betrayed his troops, and then to have been shamefully drunk on the field of battle. An early mail will probably bring at last the news of a Federal advance on the Northern frontier of Virginia. General BANKS has crossed the Potomac on the right wing with a division which is itself a considerable army, and there is thus far little reason to believe in the rumour that he has been defeated at Winchester. While the Confederates are attacked in front, a powerful diversion will be attempted on the side of Norfolk, and after a first defeat Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS will probably adopt the strategy which his generals are at present pursuing in Tennessee.

MR. WALPOLE'S RESOLUTIONS.

THE fate of Mr. WALPOLE'S Resolutions will depend very much on the construction which is given to them in the speech of their mover. In form, they do not give much information either as to the extent to which his opposition to the Revised Code will go, or as to the provisions which he would substitute in its place. They simply plead the general issue. For the purpose of securing votes, this is no doubt the wisest policy. But the House of Commons, though it may be willing to accept a negative resolution as the most convenient mode of proceeding, will hardly be satisfied with a merely negative speech. A broad opposition to all reforms in the existing system is a ground which has been rendered untenable by the Report of the Commissioners. Those whose schools have grown up under it naturally take an optimistic view of its merits; but the taxpayers, who have seen with consternation the steady and seemingly limitless growth of the annual grant, will probably sift its results more critically. The opinion appears to be more general among statesmen than it is amongst school managers that some check must be put to the increase of the Education Estimates; and that a good deal of the money, which finds its way into the pockets of the middle classes, might be more usefully applied to its original purpose of educating the poor. But it is taking a very long step indeed to argue that, because some reform is needed, therefore we have no choice but to welcome a sweeping revolution. Mr. LOWE'S keen admiration for government by competitive examination probably induces him to look at life generally from a Chinese point of view. But the mass of the nation are certainly not inclined to burn down their house for the sake of enjoying the luxury of roast pig.

There never was a measure which was so much disfigured by its family likeness to its legislative parent as this project of educational reform. If it had been in the hands of any dull, safe, mediocre official, it would have been carried through with little noise, and no discontent. Gradual changes, cautiously tested by experiment at every step, and promulgated with sufficient notice to spare vested interests to the utmost, would have restored our educational policy to a sound condition without striking the managers with a panic. But the task, unfortunately, fell into the hands of an academical genius to whom statecraft is only a new branch of moral philosophy, and who has been too much accustomed to the intellectual luxury of symmetry and simplicity in the schools to be able to forego it in office. As human feelings and prejudices generally require for their satisfaction arrangements which are both complex and irregular, he regards them with natural aversion, and excludes them from his legislative calculations altogether. The result, of course, is that he has created more consternation than another statesman would have done with ten times the amount of change. He belongs to that class of human beings who, whenever they get into a position of authority, have the art of producing the maximum of unpleasantness with the minimum of interference. They are the commanding officers who cannot get any one to buy the commissions in their regiments—the Lord Chancellors whose tenure of office is one long unseemly squabble—the proctors who get hooted out of the theatre—the clergymen whose church-rates are refused and whose services are mobbed—the husbands who make an early appearance in the Divorce Court—the nurses who keep their nurseries in a roar. The construction of the Revised Code, and the speech with which it was introduced, are splendid displays of the peculiar talent which this class of men possess. Mr. LOWE has so distributed his blows as to

excite the animosity of every single set of men with whom he has had to do, and in almost every case the offence has been gratuitous. It was perhaps impossible to avoid irritating the schoolmasters, as the resolution had been taken to lower their salaries; but it was needless to quarrel at the same time with the managers, whose receipts he professes not to wish to lower. There is nothing so annoying to persons of small incomes, such as the managers generally are, as uncertainty in regard to their liabilities. Yet the prominent feature of the Revised Code is its uncertainty. No manager can calculate with even an approach to confidence the amount of grant he is likely to receive, and, consequently, the amount of deficit he will have to make up out of his own income. The principle is completely new. For the purpose of computing its results there are absolutely no data to go upon except the intuitions of Mr. LINGEN and Mr. LOWE. Its operation will depend upon a score of contingencies which are wholly beyond the manager's control. A rainy day, a sickly season, a dyspeptic inspector, a few nervous children, a period of distress, may make to him the difference between a satisfactory balance-sheet and a total inability to pay his debts. This is precisely the most galling form in which the most refined ingenuity could have possibly shaped the change. No amount of fixed reduction, with due notice given, could have produced a quarter of the alarm which has been excited by this prospect of vague, ever shifting liability. Whatever odium the substance of the new project had neglected to incur was carefully supplied by the mode in which it was propounded. In order to excite to the utmost the jealousy of the House of Commons, the scheme was launched just at the moment of prorogation; and ever since the Government, alarmed at the ferment their colleague had raised, forced him to promise that its action should be suspended, the attempts to evade the pledge so unwillingly given have been incessant. The speech in February finished off those who had not been sufficiently offended before. The land-owners were reproached as niggards; the clergy were laughed at for their inaptitude for business; the inspectors were ridiculed as Platonic idealists; the managers were held up to odium as horse-leeches whose extortion nothing could satisfy; and the whole was concluded with a dark picture of the army of schoolmasters, who were described as a species of educational Janissaries, growing up to a strength that would speedily overmaster both the Government and the House of Commons.

The general unpopularity of its author is no ground for rejecting the Revised Code. The indignation which both the manner and the matter of it have excited among the managers of schools furnishes a more cogent reason for insisting on its amendment; for if they are seriously dissatisfied, with or without reason, the whole system must break down. It is too much forgotten in this controversy, that those among whom this grant is distributed are not the servants, but the partners of the State. They are not at the mercy of a department, forced to submit to anything which that department may impose. If they are hard pressed, they can easily dispense with the State's aid by the simple process of discontinuing their own gratuitous exertions. But the State cannot do without their aid. The sharpness of its religious divisions precludes it from a national system of education such as other countries have set up. The only chance of an efficient system is one that is conducted under the management of voluntary allies. A confusion of mind upon this point appears to have been one great secret of the ill-success of so clever a man as Mr. LOWE. From the beginning of these transactions he appears to have conceived the idea that he was dealing with a set of pilfering servants, whose depredations upon the master's purse it was necessary to check. A curious article in the *Times* of Wednesday last is pitched entirely upon this note. The remonstrances of the National Society are likened to the remonstrances which the Steward's Room and the Servants' Hall address to their master when he attempts to cut down his household bills. Our educational system is described as an "overgrown establishment full of helpers and hangers-on, 'assistants and underlings, perquisites and allowances.'" If this be the light in which Mr. LOWE looks upon the large body of men who gratuitously devote time and money to the education of the poor, the dilemma in which he now finds himself is exceedingly intelligible. His success in impressing them with the idea that he considers them no better than a pack of rapacious underlings is one of the most fatal blots in his policy. Mutual confidence is the only possible condition upon which a system of education can be worked

which is carried on half by the State, and half by volunteers. That confidence is sorely shaken now. The working of the new Code, in its present shape, is confessedly uncertain. It may work tolerably well, and only require amendments of detail. On the other hand it may ruin half the schools in England. If we had to deal, not with voluntary partners, but, as Mr. Lowe seems to imagine, with hired subordinates, such a mishap might be promptly remedied. It would be easy to retrace our steps and correct our errors. But it is dangerous to make a false step which plunges a vast number of voluntary associates into temporary bankruptcy — especially if you have taken the preliminary precaution of destroying their confidence in your fair dealing. You are not likely to have the opportunity of repeating the experiment. As soon as they find that their fears are being realized, their despised warnings fulfilled, and that they are being ruined by the precipitation of the Government, the disgust which is now only inchoate will become universal and intense. They will lose all faith in the Government which has treated them with such contemptuous levity, and retreat from all connexion with a partner that deals with them as with "helpers and hangers-on." The auxiliary subscriptions will fall off; the stranded managers will abandon their schools for want of funds; and the Government will be left to apply to its own policy the vaunted "test by results." It is to be hoped that we shall not have to wait for those results. It will be better that Mr. Lowe should be forced, either by a hostile vote or in deference to a general expression of feeling, to take back his unpopular composition, and to reproduce it in a form more agreeable to those with whom he has to work. His mortification at being compelled to turn out an unsymmetrical piece of legislation will be a smaller evil than an incurable breach between the Privy Council and the managers of schools.

LOW LIFE IN HIGH PLACES.

THE tone in which the claims of the officers of the Insolvent Court were discussed in the House of Lords is a more important topic than the gross injustice which has been inadvertently committed. It seems scarcely possible that the Government or the House of Commons can reduce a respectable body of officers to distress, on the ground that a clause in a recent Act fails of the effect which was attributed to it, not only by the framers of the Bill, but by the Law Lords and the LORD CHANCELLOR for the time. It is utterly unnecessary to go through the form of appointing a Select Committee, as the House would readily vote the necessary sum on the representation of the Government. In some form or other, after the clerks have been exposed to considerable hardship, tardy justice will probably be rendered to their claims. The dignity of the House of Lords is not, perhaps, more precious than justice, but it concerns the country more nearly and more permanently than a special and private grievance. In social life, the Peerage is for the most part distinguished by a calm, refined, and courteous bearing, and if there are any exceptions to the general character of the highest class, subordinate members take little part in the debates of the House of Lords. No other assembly so habitually resigns the conduct of debate to its leaders, and, accordingly, the principal speakers are more than ordinarily responsible for the gravity and decency of the proceedings. Obscure interlopers would be silenced by the icy coldness of their reception, if they attempted to disturb the general harmony by any unseasonable display of eccentricity or violence.

The angry scenes which have lately disturbed the House of Lords are not exclusively to be attributed to any single peer. Lord DERBY has, on more than one occasion, given way to undue irritation, and Lord CHELMSFORD's speech on Monday last was not unintentionally provoking. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that the origin of violent altercations in the House of Lords was contemporaneous with the accession of Lord WESTBURY to the woolsack; and the commonest processes of reasoning lead to the inference that an element which always accompanies a particular phenomenon must have something to do with its occurrence. If experiment and observation had shown that motion was always associated with heat, it would be considered that a connexion between the two results was rendered probable or certain. The LORD CHANCELLOR, even if he has always been in the right, has unfortunately been engaged during a few months of office in three or four unseemly altercations. The Bankruptcy Bill, the Lunacy Bill, and the compensation to the clerks of the Insolvent Court, have all produced squabbles to

which the House of Lords was previously unaccustomed. There must, to say the least, be some defect of temper or of manner which makes the LORD CHANCELLOR, if not violent himself, the cause of violence in others. Even if he is exposed to unpleasant criticisms, his long experience of men and business ought to have taught him that, as a soft answer turns away wrath, a cool answer generally disconcerts it. Lord CHELMSFORD was not justified in the insinuation that the LORD CHANCELLOR had wilfully misstated the case on which the opinion of the law officers was founded, and the House of Lords would have sympathized with a simple protest against the imputation of dishonourable conduct and motives; but it was impossible to listen without repugnance and disapproval to reiterated assertions that the accusation was the result of malignity and of personal hatred. Past and present Chancellors might be supposed superior to the recriminations which are bandied about by the obscurer correspondents of country papers. Gentlemen, noblemen, and great lawyers, even when they hear disagreeable remarks, ought to respect themselves and their position. Even if it were true that Lord CHELMSFORD seriously hated a rival and political opponent, Lord WESTBURY ought not ostensibly to suppose that such a feeling could be entertained towards himself. The temporary loss of self-control was still more remarkably exhibited in the grossly unfit language which the CHANCELLOR applied to the Chief Commissioner of the Insolvent Court. As the phrase was subsequently retracted under the form of a disavowal, it may be presumed that Lord WESTBURY cannot seriously have thought that a sound lawyer, a veteran judge, an accomplished gentleman and scholar, was unworthy of notice, because he had used an official correspondence for a public object. Mr. LAW, having no personal interest in the question, properly and generously undertook to represent the equitable claims of the officers who had been transferred from his Court; and when the concession which he thought reasonable was finally refused by the LORD CHANCELLOR, Mr. LAW appears to have placed the whole matter, with the documents by which it was illustrated, in the hands of Lord CHELMSFORD. For the asperity which was introduced into the debate, neither the Chief Commissioner nor his clients were responsible, nor could the case have been made intelligible if the correspondence had been suppressed. No man is strictly just when he is in a passion, but violent irritation ought not to be found on the woolsack.

Lord DERBY is not wholly blameless for the untoward novelties which have lately been introduced into the House of Lords. He also has had long and varied experience, and his position is even higher than that of his excitable antagonist. As leader of the majority in the House of Lords, he is especially bound to maintain, at the sacrifice, if necessary, of his own inclinations, the influence and dignity of the assembly. It is not a sufficient apology for angry words that they are called forth by similar language on the other side. Good taste prohibits the return of railing for railing, and prescribes, if not exactly blessing, at least grave rebuke or polished and penetrating satire. Lord DERBY has not the excuse of inability either to defend himself or to retaliate by the use of becoming weapons. No speaker is more capable of revenging himself on imprudent assailants without the smallest compromise of his own high bearing or of the traditions of the House of Lords. He has, on two or three occasions, thrown away the opportunity of checking Lord WESTBURY's vehemence by a reproof which might, in its courtesy and moderation, have contrasted with the error which would have justified it. It is strange that the House of Lords should require to be protected from the intemperance of its highest functionary and its chief political leader, for in neither case have honours or high station been thrust by accident on unworthy holders. Keen and vigorous, graceful and eloquent, Lord DERBY seldom meets with an equal opponent, and yet he must respect the robust and subtle intellect which has raised the CHANCELLOR to his present position. The country is concerned in the reputation of its statesmen and its great lawyers, and it is still more deeply interested in the maintenance of respect for Parliamentary institutions. When the House of Lords rings with impassioned accents of vituperation, a visible step is taken in the direction of democratic change. *Hoc Ithacus velit.* Mr. BRIGHT, when he read the debate, must have regretted that he had not chanced to be standing on the steps of the throne. The House of Lords has vindicated itself against declamation and commonplace by proving that a body which is for the most part

hereditary may be intellectually equal to any elected Chamber. The oligarchy of debate which has been established by tacit consent has tended largely to maintain the respect which might not have been accorded to unknown and incompetent speakers. If American extravagance is introduced into the habits of the House, ancient traditions and privileges will not long survive general and well-founded contempt.

THE TAEPIINGS.

THE progress of the Taeping insurrection throws light upon, and is illustrated by, some of the darkest passages in history. It is plain that it bears some resemblance to the marches of ATTILA, GENGHIZ and TIMOUR over the fairest portions of civilization. The great mystery of those terrible irruptions has always been the question whence came the multitudes which spread destruction around them quite as much by the pressure of their numbers as by their desolating ferocity. The accounts we receive of the Taepings show that the magnitude of the destroying horde is explained by the completeness of the ruin which it creates. It settles down, as Mr. LAYARD energetically put it, like a swarm of locusts. There is a rushing of countless wings, a sound of grinding teeth, and every vestige of cultivation and every speck of vegetation has disappeared. The Taepings attack a city or overrun a neighbourhood, and in a few days there is neither house, nor wall, nor instrument of labour. The remnant of the inhabitants which has not been slain is compelled to desert a home which no longer supplies the means of life and shelter, and it is thus that a body of men, which originally may have been a handful, swells into a host by the addition of successive contingents degraded into savages by the very cruelty they have suffered. The numbers of the Taeping armies have gained them the credit in Europe of representing a popular movement. But there is every reason to believe that the insurrection, as it is sometimes called, began in a limited locality of one of the most barbarous provinces of the Empire. The secret of its strength is a murderous destructiveness which recruits it through its victims, and it can scarcely be doubted that, just in the same way, other "scourges of God" have started from the narrow confines of a Tartar valley to end by leading multitudes and ruining whole empires.

It is not to be denied, and in one sense it is greatly to be regretted, that the Taepings have bitterly disappointed what is called the religious world. There was doubtless much secret dissatisfaction at the small success of Christian missions in heathen countries of systematic religion and ancient civilization. The undoubted triumphs of the missionaries over the barbarism and ignorance of the South Seas scantily compensated for the paltry results of much heroic self-sacrifice, much enduring patience, and much profuse expenditure in India and China. It was natural that, when the rise of a new sect in China was announced, violently opposed alike to the atheism of Confucius and the superstition of Fo—when this sect was discovered to have taken some of the most venerable and mysterious tenets of the Christian faith for the foundation of its system—when, moreover, it was nearly ascertained that the tinge of Christianity in the Taeping creed was not of Catholic but of Protestant origin, a shout of congratulation should be raised. But those hopes have vanished as one prodigy after another of lust and murder has been brought home to the Taepings. Their English apologists long laboured to show that the atrocities attributed to them were committed by them, not in their religious, but in their political character; but it seems now to be acknowledged that the Taepings are too bad even for this, the standing *ex post facto* justification of the crimes of fanatics. At last they seem to be given up by everybody but Colonel SYKES. It is a hard lesson which has had to be learned by their excellent patrons. The truth that belief in a dogma is something apart and distinct from participation in the spirit of a religion has never been illustrated on so extraordinary a scale. The religious world has sometimes been obliged to recognise that there may be the most scrupulous orthodoxy where there are few of the charities, and none of the graces, of Christianity; but it has never before witnessed an apparently enthusiastic attachment to some of the cardinal tenets of Protestant Christians coupled with undeviating devotion to wholesale lust and miscellaneous massacre. It is true that it is only the speculative creed of the religious public which is outraged. Practically, in their more successful undertakings, the promoters of mis-

sions acknowledge that, for Christianity to take root, it must be accompanied by the morality and civilization which have fostered it and which it has fostered. The savage of the Feejee and Society Islands is taught justice and mercy, nay even decency and manners, at the same time that he is instructed in his Catechism; nor would the keenest enthusiast for his conversion have really doubted what the result would have been, if the dissolute native of Hawaii or Tahiti had been taught to spell out some handybook of Christian doctrine, and had then been left to himself. But somehow the magnitude of the Taeping movement seems to have overpowered the judgment of the religious world, and it is only just beginning to be convinced that the dregs of the Chinese population have not been Christianized by picking out a few Christian dogmas from some stray tract which had found its way into the interior from the missionary establishments on the coast.

Unfortunately, the impressions of the missionaries are not the only delusions which the progress of the Taepings has dispelled. The view of the politicians, that it was possible to observe an exact neutrality between the Imperialists and the rebels, seems also in a fair way to be exploded. It appears quite certain that it will be necessary to defend against the Taepings, not only the foreign establishments at the trading towns, but the towns themselves in which they are situated. The rush with which Shanghai or Foo-chow-fo would be taken would assuredly extend to the factories, and no reasonable being can look for any result except that European life and property would vanish amid fire and blood. No Government at home, and no British officer in those seas, would hesitate to direct the protection of the merchants at all risks; and yet, when the rebels have once been repelled, where is their repulse to end? This country is interested as strongly in the safety of the Chinese custom-houses as in the safety of the European establishments; for the duties are our security for the payment of the indemnities, and the custom-houses cannot be defended without direct partizanship of the Imperial Government. Farther than this, we have other interests of importance, not only to traders, but to the comfort of the nation, which the successes of the Taepings must shortly jeopardize. They are already laying waste the silk countries, and, though they have not materially curtailed the supply of tea, it can scarcely be long before it is influenced by their sanguinary advance. In our singular ignorance of China, we cannot exactly tell what is the precise development of the Taeping power which would so interrupt the trade as to inflict a famine of tea upon the English population; but it is quite certain that, as soon as the cultivation or carriage of the plant is affected by the insurrectionary movement, there will be no more tea, and it is equally certain that the country will not submit to have its tea cut off by Chinese as easily as it allows its cotton to be withheld by Americans. A well-known writer in the *Times* suggests that the surplus revenues of the custom-houses, now collected by English hands, and most profitably for the Imperial Government, ought to be expended on organizing a native Imperialist force, to be officered by Europeans. This is really the result at which events are pointing, but one is almost aghast at its seriousness. Is China really destined to become another India? Is the Imperial Government to go through those experiences which so many Indian States have traversed to their destruction, first appealing for help, then depending on it, then chafing at it, then trying to throw it off, and finally overpowered by it? Not the least serious reflection suggested by the prospect is that, while any interference with the internal affairs of China would find no favour in this country till it became inevitable, there is another European nation which would catch eagerly at the opportunity. The notion of turning China into a French India is familiar to many Frenchmen; and of all those through whose brain it has passed, the most earnest is believed to be the Frenchman who sits on the throne.

THE GATHERING AT ROME.

IT is the privilege of the good to be useful after death, and the Catholic martyrs who have lately died in the remote East are to have the posthumous honour of being made serviceable to the Head of their Faith. They are to be canonized; and to make their canonization more glorious and imposing, the greatest possible number of bishops is to be gathered together at Rome to assist at the touching and solemn ceremony. More fortunate than most new saints, they have not to wait until after their recognition in order to

be permitted to benefit the faithful. The very act of their recognition is to minister to the purposes of the Church. The bishops assembled for the canonization may be easily invited to turn their attention to other matters; and of all matters the most pressing is the dangerous condition of the temporal power. A body rivalling the numbers, the rank, and the official dignity of a Council, will be enabled to consider what is the real relation of the temporal power to the Church; and if it pronounces that the maintenance of that power is a part of the faith, the declaration may be announced as binding on the consciences of the faithful. Those who dare to weave plots for the spoliation of the Papacy will then be deprived of the hope or pretence that they only attack what is a matter of indifference. There will be an end of the doubts of those weak vessels who scruple to oppose the civil government of the State to which they belong. To speak of Rome as the capital of secular Italy, or to countenance those who hold this language, will then be to break distinctly with Catholicism. The EMPEROR and the Italian Government understand that this is to be the consequence of the assembling of the bishops; and to prevent the decision of this surreptitious Council from binding France or Italy, they have forbidden the bishops of their sees to go to Rome. In Italy, where the Ministry is not troubled with the difficulty of managing a powerful Catholic party, a very explicit declaration has been made that if the bishops defy this prohibition and go to Rome, they will be turned out of their episcopates. In France, no positive threat has been held out, but the EMPEROR has let it be clearly understood that any French bishop who does go to Rome, in his anxiety to see the Japan martyrs properly canonized, will be treated as acting in open contempt of the authority of the State, and must take the consequences, whatever they may be. It is impossible, however, that the bishops should be kept from going, if they like to take the risk; and if the Court of Rome is determined to throw down the challenge to its adversaries, many of the bishops both in France and Italy will probably think it their duty to obey the Papal summons at all hazards. If the bishops assemble in respectable numbers, no one can prevent their laying down any doctrine as to the temporal power they please. We may therefore assume that, unless the Papal Court shrinks at the eleventh hour, it can and will take a step which must make the controversy between it and its opponents pass into a wholly new phase, and must do something to terminate the suspense and uncertainty in which things are at present.

The friends of the Papacy seem everywhere inclined to press matters to an extremity. They are tired of an attitude of expectation, in which all the advantage is on the side of their enemy. The rustic has been waiting on the bank for the river to flow away, and now he finds that it keeps on running, and is likely to keep on running, unless it is somehow dammed up. The EMPEROR must, it is thought, be made to turn over a new leaf and go heartily in with the POPE, and against Italy and the Revolution. The best wit and the best writing of the French supporters of the temporal power have been called into play, in order that he may be goaded into taking some strong step in the right direction. M. SAUZET, an old Orleanist supporter of the long-abandoned dream of a free Italy under a free POPE, has written with more vivacity and point than the Papacy usually commands, to prove that the Revolution is carrying France out of all its proper and traditional policy, and that the EMPEROR must either crush it, or give up all the principles France has contended for since the days of the great German CHARLES, a thousand years ago. Under the affection of pitying and loving the POPE, his enemies are trying hard to ruin him, and this France cannot allow. In the language of a hazardous but happy metaphor, M. SAUZET says that the Revolution is preparing to "seat itself in "mourning on the grave it has dug for the Papacy, and then "to revive its shade only to enslave it." This is very true. The only thing is, that it applies, as all the world knows, and none better than M. SAUZET himself, to the EMPEROR above all men. The Revolution that has sapped the foundations of the temporal power, instigated the buccaneering expedition into the Marches, and bides its time to get all that is left, is only a poetical figure for the EMPEROR. He has, however, left himself a loophole for retreat, as he has only let loose his friends and agents against Rome, and has remained in the background himself; and, if he is ever to be made to take advantage of this loophole, it must be now, for things are not going on well. Spain—that jewel of Catholicism—has declared that she would keep very quiet, even

though the French troops did quit Rome; and the debates in the French Legislative Body have given cause to fear that the resistance to the Imperial policy as regards Rome is feebler than it used to be. Something must be done to give a new turn of the screw, and no means of exercising pressure seems to be so promising as that of making the maintenance of the temporal power a virtual, if not a formal, article of faith. If the EMPEROR recoils before this, the Papacy may still be saved; for, as the Italians are sure not to mind it in the least, and would not abandon the hope of possessing Rome although twenty new articles of faith were invented to deter them, they must necessarily break with their great friend. They would be sure to rush into some wild outbreak of blind desperation. France would let them take their chance; and then, as M. SAUZET remarks with exultation, there will be a new Novara, and VICTOR EMMA-NUEL might think himself very lucky if he kept the possessions he inherited, with the loss of what he has made over to France on speculation. The Marches would then return to their allegiance, the Queen of NAPLES would kill her cats at home, Lord NORMANBY would have the delight of seeing the freedom of the press restored in Parma, and all sensible and right-thinking people throughout the world would shout with joy.

The worst is, that this is only too good to be true. It would be such a very great triumph to persons who are not supposed to be strong well-wishers to the Empire, if the EMPEROR now drew back, that it is scarcely probable he will gratify them. If he can be properly described as ready to go and sit in mourning by the side of the grave he has dug for the Papacy, he would occupy rather a humble position were he now obliged to dress smart and fill the grave up. Unless he can keep the Catholic party in order, his star is not very bright for the future; and if they push him to try his worst, he is much more likely to accept than to decline the contest. The very machinery devised to drive him into a corner may be used to help him out of his difficulties. In order to terrify French consciences, the French bishops, or at least a fair share of them, must go to the gathering at Rome. But these bishops will have disobeyed the law, and although it is not to be anticipated that they will be dealt with as summarily as their Italian friends, yet the fact that they will have made themselves amenable to the jurisdiction of the State will tell much against them in the public opinion of France. Out of that very large mass of Frenchmen who are simply indifferent to Catholicism—who like it and respect it in its way, and have a kindly feeling for the POPE, and a contemptuous toleration for priests generally—only a very small fraction would bear with patience any attempt of ecclesiastics to make themselves independent of the civil power. What a Frenchman likes to feel is, that other people are held tightly in hand, and he would be in the highest degree indignant at an affront offered by priests to the sovereign people. The principles of '89, whatever they may be, are surely, if they are worth a rush, wholly incompatible with priests raging over the earth like beasts without a keeper. If LOUIS NAPOLEON is to have a good quarrel with his old allies, he could not have an issue raised that would better suit him than that offered by a claim of his bishops to slink out of French territory and fulminate spiritual decrees from Rome. Nor at present has he given the very slightest sign of wishing to alter his ways. He has just aided in establishing a Ministry in Italy, the only pretext for whose existence is that its chief can work with the EMPEROR in settling the Roman question better than Baron RICASOLI did. The late PREMIER of Italy wanted to go too fast. He had no notion of dressing in mourning. He proposed to go just as he was, in his ordinary clothes, and dig a big hole and put the Papacy in it, and sit comfortably on the top. They manage these things better in France. As the advertisements say, their funerals embrace economy and decency, with a strict attention to the feelings of survivors. But, all the same, the body is buried, however gorgeous may be the trappings, and however expensive the crape. The true position of affairs at present, we believe, is that the EMPEROR is not so much digging the grave, as sitting by and encouraging the sexton. A very little provocation would make him take the spade in his own hands, and finish the work off at once.

BELLIGERENT RIGHTS AT SEA.

THE debate on the law of maritime warfare was, according to Mr. BRIGHT and the SOLICITOR-GENERAL, conducted with exemplary fairness and candour. Nor is this

surprising, for disputants are generally moderate when they are puzzled as to the side which they ought to take in the controversy. The discussion would, as Mr. LEVESON GOWER justly remarked, have been more definite if it had been limited by the technical rules of special pleading. No distinct issue was raised either by Mr. HORSFALL's resolution or by the subsequent course of debate; and the majority of non-official speakers wavered between an opinion that private property ought to be exempt at sea, and a fear that the Declaration of Paris had involved a renunciation of maritime supremacy. Lord PALMERSTON was forced to avow a change of opinion; which certainly diminishes the weight of his authority. Mr. DISRAELI alone was consistent with his true principles, in treating the question of international law as a mere pretext or occasion for attacking and ridiculing his political opponents. The subject is, in truth, full of difficulty; nor is it easy to determine either the most philosophical legal doctrine, or the special interest of England as the principal maritime Power. It is also embarrassing to reflect that, if both problems were satisfactorily solved, the course which would be most beneficial to this country would, for that very reason, be unanimously rejected by foreign nations. When Mr. PIERCE and Mr. MARCY, by design or accident, proposed an arrangement which was at the time countenanced by Lord PALMERSTON, their successors summarily withdrew the offer, on the express ground that the United States might be damaged by the system in the event of a war with England. Congress is at present considering resolutions founded on M. HAUTEFEUILLE's project of a general maritime league against England. There is a curiously American audacity in the proposal that a belligerent should, under the influence of national antipathy, originate a new Armed Neutrality. France would, from a regard to her own interests, probably have refused to exempt private property from capture, unless some modification were simultaneously introduced into the law of blockade. Even if the House of Commons, instead of wandering in search of a theory, had been prepared to express a definite opinion, a Parliamentary project of international law would have remained a dead letter in default of the assent of all foreign Powers. Mr. BRIGHT, when he answered for the approval of France and of the United States, thought it unnecessary to explain that foreigners who shared his own views on maritime captures also sympathized with his wish to render naval force useless by abolishing the right of blockade.

The concession which Lord CLARENDON made at Paris in favour of the neutral flag was expedient, for reasons which could not be publicly stated to the Congress. As it was certain that the ancient right could no longer be enforced without converting neutrals into enemies, it was better to sell the cherished privilege for a valuable consideration than to give it away, or tacitly to abandon it. The abolition of privateering, if it is maintained in good faith, tends largely to the advantage of the State which has most trade and shipping. It is true that commissions may be substituted for letters of marque, but there is at least some advantage in dealing with enemies under the immediate control of a regular Government. Privateers plundered, but never fought. Merchant ships commissioned by the State as a part of the navy can scarcely be avowedly employed in the exclusive profession of robbery. As to the flag, however, which is to cover the goods, it was Lord CLARENDON's business to get as well as possible out of an honourable but troublesome right. When Mr. PITT, Mr. FOX, and Lord GRENVILLE concurred in insisting on the maintenance of the existing code, there were no neutrals to be feared except the United States, which at that time formed only a third-rate Power; but all negotiations on the subject must now be conducted on the assumption that France and America will, in any future war, divide between them the characters and pretensions of belligerents and neutrals. By the Declaration of Paris, merchants are relieved at the expense of ship-owners. During the continuance of hostilities, trade will be, as far as possible, conducted in neutral bottoms, and probably many English ships will change hands for the sake of exempting themselves from liability to capture. It would not be a sufficient compensation to the country that seamen in want of employment would be driven to seek service in the navy. The only remedy for the evil would be the exemption of private property from capture at sea, and the change has been sufficiently shown to involve a startling innovation. The argument from the nominal immunity of private property on land is deduced from an inaccurate assumption of the facts, and it contains two or three false analogies.

If ships are spared, they must be spared altogether, whereas houses and goods are only safe from interference when they are not required for any essential military purpose. If the inhabitants of a district refuse to furnish a market to an invading army, the amplest indulgence which they can claim is payment at the will of the general for compulsory supplies. Buildings which are required for attack or defence are occupied and destroyed without compensation, and the French, who claim to be the champions of international immunities, always during their great wars lived at the expense of conquered countries, and made the natives in addition pay handsomely for the honour of entertaining them. The difficulty, however, of comparing the two kinds of warfare lies deeper than any instability of practice. Armies never tread on neutral ground, whereas the open seas are the common domain of nations. Perhaps, at some future time, a compromise between extreme theories may be found in a restriction of the right of capture to the territorial waters of one or other belligerent.

Another peculiarity of vessels consists in the circumstance that they are always moving; and certainly no commander would hesitate to cut off all communications when he occupied a hostile territory. It is said that, in some village in the South of France, the Duke of WELLINGTON is still revered, not on account of his more brilliant exploits, but because he hung two of his soldiers for stealing a duck. The sacredness of ownership in poultry was properly vindicated, but the duck would not have been allowed to pass in a market woman's basket outside the English lines. The rolling stock of a railway is, of all terrestrial kinds of property, the most analogous to ships which carry goods and passengers; and a general would be thought imbecile who allowed trains to pass freely into a district which might be in possession of the enemy. It may not perhaps be lawful to break open the luggage van, but no flag would avail to secure the engine from stoppage. In America, both Federals and Confederates fight for the possession of the railways, and when the invaders are successful, they of course apply the line entirely to their own purposes. It is highly improbable that they will ever compensate the shareholders for their loss of traffic, and for the present they by no means shrink from disturbing internal commerce; yet, according to Mr. BRIGHT's theory, railway carriages ought to pass unquestioned by the same right which is invoked in behalf of merchant ships. Railways are practically blockaded wherever they can be reached, nor is the belligerent confined, as in the case of sea voyages, to the right of shutting up the terminal station. If the ocean were traversed by tracks which allowed as little deviation, there is not the smallest doubt that the strongest Power would at once cut off all the enemy's maritime communications. All intercourse with the seceded States is at present strictly prohibited, as far as the control of the Federal Government extends. On the whole, Parliament practically concludes that it is too late to go back and too soon to go forward. There are difficulties before and behind, and it is some relief to be exempted, by the necessity of consulting foreign Governments, from the duty of forming a decision. Perhaps it may be judicious to try the experiment of temporary relaxations of the law, as in the case of the proclamation at the beginning of the Russian war. Whatever may be ultimately settled as to private property, it is indispensable to maintain the right of blockade. The evil inflicted is, in Europe, largely mitigated by the opportunity of procuring imports from other countries by railway; but the Americans are teaching foreigners how effective the operation may be under the peculiar circumstances of their own Continent. If the Trent affair had unhappily led to a rupture, the English navy would not have failed to profit by the lesson.

LORD NORMANBY'S ITALIAN GRIEVANCE.

WHILE it is undoubtedly desirable that the moral influence of English opinion should be brought to bear on the Italian Government, and that Italian statesmen should understand that English sympathies would necessarily be weakened by administrative acts of unjustifiable harshness, there is certainly a limit beyond which criticism on the internal policy of a foreign country becomes alike offensive and mischievous. It may be well that the exceptional measures of military police resorted to in a disturbed province should occasionally be made the subject of Parliamentary remark, or even of friendly diplomatic remonstrance; but a ceaseless reiteration of petty, frivolous, and carping censures on the details of administration can only irritate and annoy. Dis-

cussions on the purely domestic affairs of King VICTOR EMMANUEL's Government have of late been carried to such an extent that it is really coming to be a very serious question whether we can go on much longer without a Secretary of State for Italian Affairs. The utmost exertions of the Foreign Office, as at present constituted, are totally unequal to the exigencies which Lord NORMANBY and his friends impose on the diligence and sagacity of Her MAJESTY's Government. Once a week or oftener, the whole military and civil administration of Italy is turned inside out by interrogatories which it would take something like omniscience to meet satisfactorily, and which are hopelessly beyond the range of a Minister who has duties that preclude an entire devotion of his time and thoughts to the concerns of the peninsula. How, in the name of all that is reasonable, can Lord RUSSELL be expected to carry in his head a complete history of the Italian newspaper press for the last dozen years, or to keep an accurate account of the proclamations, authentic or unauthentic, which have or have not been issued by half a score of military commanders in the Neapolitan provinces, or to tell Parliament off-hand what has been done with a dethroned Duke's spoons and table napkins? It is painful to hear the confessions of ignorance which are nightly extorted from over-worked Ministers. There was Lord PALMERSTON the other evening, compelled to acknowledge that he could not answer a very simple question of Sir GEORGE BOWYER's respecting "events which were about to happen in the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies." The PREMIER actually could not say for certain whether there was any foundation for the rumour that "an expectation existed at Naples that the tombs of the Royal Family in the Church of St. Chiara were about to be attacked by the revolutionary party," and that "it was believed that the Piedmontese police were willing to connive" at the hypothetical outrage. Of course this will never do. The existing resources of the Foreign Office are obviously inadequate to the task of properly administering the government of Italy, and they must therefore be enlarged to meet the demands of the occasion. We own we see nothing for it but the creation of a separate Department for Italian Affairs, to be represented by a Secretary and Under-Secretary in the two Houses respectively. An indispensable adjunct to the arrangement would be a corresponding extension of the staff of our Mission at Turin, where Sir JAMES HUDSON is at present vainly struggling under a burden wholly beyond his unassisted strength.

As matters stand, it is impossible to shut one's eyes to the fact that that portion of Her MAJESTY's dominions which has been entrusted to the delegated authority of King VICTOR EMMANUEL and his Ministers needs a vast deal more looking into than it gets. Lord NORMANBY has gone into the case thoroughly, and is perfectly aghast at the accumulated grievances in every department of administration which Lord RUSSELL, far from attempting to redress, apparently does not think it requisite even to investigate. Besides the (in every sense) questionable military proclamations of which so much has been said — and which, if genuine, bear some similarity to measures which half the Governments of the Continent have resorted to at different times within the last twelve or fourteen years — Lord NORMANBY has too much reason to think that the position of the newspaper press under VICTOR EMMANUEL's rule is the reverse of satisfactory. Will it be believed that, only three years ago, that excellent journal, the *Armonia*, was suspended for three months by an arbitrary official decree? "Such a decree ought," he adds, "to have come under the cognisance of the noble Lord as Foreign Secretary." Of course it ought. What was Sir JAMES HUDSON about that he did not immediately apprize the Foreign Office of an enormity so obviously calling for the exercise of its authority? It was a most unwarrantable proceeding. "The cause of the suspension was, that," &c.; and "he (Lord NORMANBY) felt convinced that no law officer of the Crown would assert that for such an article a Government prosecution ought to be instituted." Then, on the 6th of March, 1861, "five prosecutions were instituted against three 'Conservative papers,' on charges which Lord NORMANBY pronounces shamefully frivolous, and in each case the defendant was convicted and sentenced to fine and imprisonment. What is to be thought of our Minister at Turin if he did not instantly furnish the particulars of these transactions to his Government? And if he did, how can Lord RUSSELL explain his neglect to reverse the unjust sentences, and order the removal of the offending judges? What is the use of a Foreign Office, if it is not to supervise the administration of law and justice in foreign countries? It is impos-

sible to follow the Marquis through all his list of wrongs which a negligent Envoy has failed to report, or which a supine Minister has omitted to redress; but there is one very gross case on which he dwells with justifiable severity. What has become of the Duke of MODENA's plate and linen? It is positively stated, in a pamphlet which Lord NORMANBY has seen with his own eyes, that somebody who dined with FARINI a fortnight after the Duke had left his capital "saw 'in use articles which belonged to that Sovereign,' and actually 'the woman can be produced who picked out the crown over the letter F in the Duke's linen.'" There is a damning fact against Italian unity and independence. Can the FOREIGN SECRETARY be serious in asserting that this is not a case which Her MAJESTY's Government and both Houses of Parliament are entitled and bound to sift to the very bottom? Altogether, it is painfully evident that a great deal is going on in the Kingdom of Italy which is totally incompatible with the British ideal of a well-ordered community, and that there is a fearful weight of neglected responsibility to be somehow divided between our Minister at Turin and his official chief at home.

The only serious objection to Lord NORMANBY's theory of the functions of the British Foreign Office is that one does not exactly see where it is to stop. It would, no doubt, be a proud and gratifying reflection to every Englishman to think that his country was charged by Providence with the good government of the habitable globe; but the principle, unfortunately, is not conveniently susceptible of universal application, and there seems no valid reason for applying it exceptionally to the single case of the Kingdom of Italy. If Lord RUSSELL and Sir JAMES HUDSON are bound, between them, to administer the affairs of that country according to British notions of justice and policy, it is not easy to say why the FOREIGN SECRETARY and his subordinates should be permitted to shirk similar responsibilities in other parts of the world. Why not go into the rights and wrongs of oppressed journalists under the Government of NAPOLEON III.? Has Lord COWLEY furnished his official superior from time to time with authentic particulars of all the warnings issued by M. DE PERSIGNY against the Opposition newspapers? and if not, why not? And how about the freedom of elections? Can it possibly be true that mayors and prefects are credibly accused of systematically packing the Legislative Body with Imperial nominees, and that an English Constitutional Minister never troubles himself even to ascertain whether the fact be so or not? Lord RUSSELL reads, or ought to read, the debates in the French Chambers. Can he conscientiously say, after hearing both sides, that there is no room for a friendly suggestion that Parliamentary Government has not fair play under the "Constitutional Empire"? Then there is Russia. Has our Minister at St. Petersburg got his eyes open to all that is going on at Warsaw? Is our FOREIGN SECRETARY kept regularly informed of the measures by which the Emperor ALEXANDER maintains his authority in Poland, and does he never lose a post in intimating his disapprobation of acts that offend his moral sense? America, again, offers just now a remarkably fine field for this sort of diplomatic censorship. Is Lord LYONS doing his duty? What reports has he been sending home for this year past about the existing relations — which are currently believed to be to the last degree unsatisfactory — between Transatlantic journalism and the Federal Executive? Are free and enlightened citizens in the full enjoyment of the securities provided by the best of Constitutions for personal liberty? If not, how can Lord RUSSELL reconcile it to his sense of duty to utter no remonstrance on behalf of a noble and a kindred people? It is fortunate that we have only one NORMANBY, and only one Italy; else the world itself would not contain the blue books that would have to be written to sustain the character of British diplomatists as the champions of misgoverned nations.

It might have been wished that our FOREIGN SECRETARY had contented himself with a very short reply to the tissue of offensive impertinences with which Lord NORMANBY amused the Peers on Monday night. There was not the smallest occasion for Lord RUSSELL to deny, explain, justify, or palliate transactions beyond the range of his authority, and of which he was not bound to have any official knowledge. We suppose there was no resisting the temptation to retort that, in the Italy of the ex-diplomatist's fond regrets, there were no prosecutions of Opposition newspapers because no Opposition newspapers were permitted to exist from one end of the peninsula to the other, and that there were no

"atrocious" proclamations against Neapolitan brigandage because brigandage was freely tolerated by a Government which lived by the systematic demoralization of its subjects. It seems incredible that even Lord NORMANBY should be able to blind himself to the moral and political progress which the Italians have made since the overthrow of the petty tyrannies which he laments. Perhaps, however, on a future occasion, it may be as well to state more distinctly the apparently forgotten fact that the independence of the Kingdom of Italy has been recognised by the British Crown, and to explain that Her MAJESTY'S Government, having no regular jurisdiction in that part of the world, declines the responsibility of supervising its internal administration.

THE "TIMES" AND THE VOLUNTEERS.

THE *Times*, having just now no specially obnoxious opponent to put down, has been amusing itself with the pastime of putting down the Volunteers. Ever since the first burst of enthusiasm which carried the *Times* along with it, and induced it to boast of having created the stream on which it floated, the Volunteers have been accustomed to a fair share of half-concealed ill-will from Printing House Square. If one section of the force went a step too far in its assertion of independence, it was crushed without mercy in a series of sneering leaders; and even the real success of the Brighton meeting of last year was denied because the *Times* wished the review to prove a failure. Matters have changed a little since that time. All differences of opinion as to the degree of independence which it is becoming for Volunteer corps to assert have been appeased, and, by the common consent of all, it is understood that in future there is to be nothing in their proceedings savouring, ever so slightly, of defiance of constituted authorities. The trivial error which was made so much of was forgotten, and the *Times* was compelled to seek a new point of attack. That, in doing so, it shifted to the opposite pole of opinion could surprise no one. The new complaint was, that Volunteers were sacrificing their independence by asking for Government assistance, and the coolest denials were circulated of the known pecuniary difficulties with which many corps have had to contend.

To tell Volunteers that they must be independent of national aid is, in other words, to proclaim that what was meant as a national movement is henceforth to degenerate into a mere pastime of the richer classes. To invite artisans to join the ranks, and to tell them that it will degrade them to allow the country to defray the expenses of their corps, is of course a mockery, and was probably intended to be so. While the *Times* was content to lash the Volunteers on one side only at a time—in the summer for their independence, and in the winter for their want of it—it was scarcely worth while to raise a controversy on the subject of its sneers. But, with more than its usual boldness, it has at last begun to ply the scourge with double vigour, and to urge its two inconsistent charges without having the decency to interpose a day's interval between them. In one and the same article, which appeared a few days ago, the Volunteers were warned against asserting so much independence as to present a memorial to Government, and were at the same time assured that it was their duty to exclude as much as possible the administration of the War Department and the Horse Guards by making themselves independent of official aid. We venture to suggest that this is rather hard measure. We are not of those who claim absolute freedom for a military force, even though it be as thoroughly patriotic as the Volunteers; but why are they to have all the burdens and none of the sweets of independence? If they are to consider themselves too dependent to be entitled to express an opinion on the requirements of the force, why should they be expected to cherish the barren independence of paying all their own expenses? Yet this is the course which the *Times* kindly sketches out for them. In the matter of subscribing, they are to show a sturdy front against the insult of Government aid. In the matter of control, they are to submit without a murmur, and without even the utterance of a respectful suggestion, to any regulations which may spring from the parsimony or the blunders of the Government. It is hard to see how the *Times* can be right in both of the positions which it has taken up against the Volunteers.

The two questions which are raised are of vital importance at this time, which we believe to be the crisis of the

Volunteer movement. What is the becoming position of the force, as regards the Government, in matters of discipline? What can with propriety be asked and given in the shape of pecuniary aid? There is no difficulty in answering either of these questions. The Volunteers are by law, and on principle, as much bound to respect the regulations of the War Office as any soldiers in the army; and they do so. The only distinction is that they are not liable in time of peace to be called out for active service, and that they have the option of retiring at a fortnight's notice. This privilege is the real safeguard against any undue interference, and is the only kind of independence which a Volunteer has any right to assert. Practically, there has been no interference to resent, for the War Office and the Volunteers have, in all matters of discipline, gone on as harmoniously as could be desired; but if there were a dispute, it would not be by asserting independence while still in arms, but by retiring from the service, that the Volunteers would have to seek their remedy. In effect, the relation is one of military obedience on the one side, and judicious forbearance and consideration on the other. No one desires to see this changed by any inflated pretensions to an independence which would not be consistent with military organization. Neither does the most rigid official dream of applying to the Volunteers the rules of etiquette which form part of the discipline of the regular army. It has been the custom, for example, for the Colonels of the London corps to hold regular meetings, and, when necessary, to communicate resolutions to the Government, expressing their views of what ought to be done and left undone in the management of the force. It would be most irregular for the Colonels of the regular regiments quartered at Aldershot to do anything of the kind; but the War Office has certainly not expressed any disapproval of the course taken by these Volunteer commanders. Recently, a similar meeting was held at Glasgow, and it was proposed to correspond with as many other corps as possible, in order to ascertain the general feeling as to the measures required for maintaining the efficiency of the force. On the first hint that this design was not approved, it was cheerfully abandoned; but the recognised practice of the London commanders shows the absurdity of comparing the Glasgow proceedings, as the *Times* does, with "a regiment in the regular army sending out a circular calling a military convention, in order to treat with Government on the question of pay or allowances." The War Office has not, as a rule, claimed from the Volunteers the strict discipline in such matters which is expected in the army; and until the demand was made, there was no impropriety in using the measure of independence which the authorities seemed willing to concede.

There is, perhaps, room for two opinions on the pecuniary question. It would be intelligible, though rather Quixotic, to contend that the Volunteers should hold themselves above all obligations from the State—that they should not only clothe, but arm and equip themselves—that they should reject with scorn the dole of ammunition which is granted them, and insist on paying their shillings for powder and ball, as they do pay their pounds for butts, targets, and markers. There were some among the first leaders of the movement by whom these views were for a time advocated; but they were very soon abandoned, when they were seen to be equivalent to saying that volunteering should be confined to the rich. The most fastidious were satisfied that national help to a national enterprise could not degrade any one who shared in it. Accordingly, Government assistance has been accepted ever since, in any shape in which it was offered. Now, after the principle has been acted on for three years, and has become the basis of the organization, the *Times* suddenly discovers that "any considerable assistance" from Government "will destroy the independence which has been the great attraction to thousands," and which we were told, in a paragraph before, was exactly equal to the independence of regiments of regular troops. If considerable assistance is degrading, it becomes a serious question whether the niggardly aid already accorded is not a humiliation. Is an alms of a shilling more destructive to self-respect than an alms of a penny? And if a Government contribution of 300,000*l.* would be destructive of the Volunteer spirit, is there not some moral degradation in allowing Parliament (rather reluctantly) to vote 120,000*l.*? For our own part, we have a difficulty in estimating a sentiment by this pecuniary standard, and, if we really are selling our birthright, would prefer to have two messes of pottage for it instead of one.

But it is not only on this lofty ground that the *Times* objects to the demand for further Government contributions. It has a practical argument behind. "It is no small thing to place the force in such a position that the military authorities will be able to make their own conditions 'with it.'" This is startling, after the exalted notion of unconditional obedience which had just before been enforced; but there is something amusing too in the idea of the War Office purchasing its rights of control according to a money tariff. The theory seems to be that Lord GREY, who is very considerate on a contribution of 120,000*l.*, would become an insufferable martinet if the Government furnished double that amount. Every one knows that the extent to which the theoretical powers of the military authorities are left in abeyance depends on the good feeling and the good judgment of those who have to administer them, and who do not wish to see the Volunteer force suddenly dissolve itself on fourteen days' notice. How this would be changed if the country paid for butts and bands and railway expenses, as well as for rifles and powder and ball and drill-sergeants, we must leave those who comprehend the *Times* to explain. There is no principle, nor any pretence of principle, for refusing all the material aid which the Volunteers require, and certainly there is no very happy escape from humiliation in the course which the *Times* suggests to them of "appealing to the liberality of the public 'in their respective districts.'" Surely, if it is a sacrifice of independence to claim from Parliament a vote for Volunteer expenses, it must be something much worse to extract "voluntary" subscriptions by the machinery of committees and collectors, balls and bazaars, which has been brought to perfection by charitable societies. Let the truth be told, by all means, that the Government is too niggardly to grant what the Volunteers require; but it cannot be necessary to add to the ungrateful information the gratuitous insult which the *Times* has thought fit to offer by describing their demands as an appeal to charity, and bidding them go beg among their own friends and neighbours. They ask only the materials with which to defend their country, and they ask this as a right, being willing to give their time and energies to the duties they have undertaken. Surely they deserve something better than to be branded as "solicitors of charity."

THE ARMY AND THE STAGE.

PUNCH not long ago read a lesson to a certain General Walker, who had apologised to some religious meeting at Edinburgh for having given a faint countenance to private theatricals, but who guarded himself against being supposed in any way to approve of public theatres, which he denounced as dens of iniquity. This sentiment *Punch* stigmatised as "military Mawwormism." A soldier falling foul of theatres seemed the height of cant and humbug. We think General Walker quite wrong, and that the opinion of *Punch* that a military man is not expected to make such a mistake is undeniable. But it is worth while to consider what is the exact reason for thinking General Walker wrong, and what is the exact reason for thinking that a military man more especially ought to judge differently. If a clergyman had pronounced public theatres to be dens of iniquity, he would not have been called a clerical Mawworm. Thousands of good people in England have a vague notion that theatres are wrong, that the people who act are bad people, and that it is sinful to pay money to encourage them. A soldier is not expected to think so; but this is not because he is expected to have any very good reasons for thinking differently, but because he is not expected to be scrupulous. Even if the women who act are not all they should be, it seems rather strong for an officer to object. This is, we are convinced, the feeling which would be awakened in the mind of most of the readers of such a paragraph as that in *Punch*. But General Walker, or any one in his position, may reasonably say that he does not choose to be without scruples. He wishes to be one of the good people of the world, and if it is wrong in any other man to encourage theatres, it must be equally wrong in a soldier. This is obviously true, and we may also be sure that, in an objection felt so widely as that to theatres is felt, there must be some force. Why, then, should we pronounce the opinion that theatres are dens of iniquity a mistake, and why should we pronounce this mistake to be one that a soldier ought to escape?

The objection to the theatre which most good people make is, that actors and actresses are not virtuous characters, or rather, although modesty and prudery may forbid them saying so plainly, they do not much care about the men, but they think that the women are bad. That this is the real objection was sufficiently proved by the career of the late Mr. Albert Smith. It was not that people wanted something wiser, or more improving, or less trivial and earthly than dramas, but they wanted to escape the responsibility of paying people who were, they thought, doing a wrong thing. As they escaped this responsibility, in attending Mr. Smith's performances, and as they had a farce, with its fun and its triviality, without anything

objectionable, they flocked eagerly to so fine an opportunity of making the best of both worlds. The objection to theatres is therefore really, in the main, an objection to the character of the women. What is the truth about this? The truth is, we believe, that a theatre, like any other place where men and women are brought together on easy terms, and where the vanity of women is flattered, is a scene of temptation. But that in this scene of temptation there is any great and unusual proclivity to fall is not true. Many, very many, actresses are well conducted as girls, most rigidly watched, inspired with a sensible wish to marry only in their own rank, and often stay on the stage long after they are excellent wives and mothers. Many, again, are employed in such minor parts that to be what is popularly called an actress is, to the performers themselves, about as stupid, heavy, and unproductive a calling as making shirts or artificial flowers. Such actresses go to the theatre exactly as they go to a workshop. This is, we feel sure, a much larger proportion of the whole number than those would believe whose rare attendance on theatricals makes them incredulous that the hours and naiads go home eagerly to an onion supper in the dirty but respectable bosom of their families. Then there are some few actresses whose misdeeds are more or less notorious, and a larger number who are neither bad nor good, and whose lot turns out a miserable or a decently happy one according to circumstances. We do not think that this picture—which, if confined to the great London theatres, is not at all too favourable—is one which is worse than that which would fairly represent any body of women in a place of public resort. We should not expect to find brighter colours in a faithful sketch of the female hands in an ordinary factory, or of the shopwomen in such a town as Brighton or Leamington.

Viewed morally, the army is much such a profession for men as the stage is for women. If it is not a scene of temptation, what is? A number of men are brought together in idleness, and with the tradition of pursuits, tastes, and habits which are quite as bad as those of the stage. The mere fact that an officer is not expected to be squeamish, and that if he shares the unreasonable scruples of ordinary religious people he is thought a military Mawworm, is a temptation in itself. What do we mean by demoralization in men? We mean an utter vacuity of all that is noble or elevating, an aimless perseverance in rapid unmeaning vice, a flux of dirty talk, a contempt for inferiors, a general growth in selfishness and indifference to the objects of life and the claims of others. Unless a man cheats, or does something to outrage society, we do not judge of him, as we do of a woman, by single acts. We look at his whole character, and judge him demoralized or not according to his general way of living. Now, if any one doubts whether the army is a scene of temptation, in the sense that it tends to a demoralization of the character, he had better go to the nearest garrison town and spend a week there. All that we say is that this is the tendency of the army. A great many entirely escape this tendency. There are many officers of sense enough to invent employment for themselves, who take an interest in their profession, who are refined, honourable, and gentlemanly, and who are excellent in every relation of life. A still larger number take the army as a piece of business. They have to go into some profession, and so they choose one that has nothing to do with the books they have hated from childhood. They are looked after by their families, and maintain a tie of constant intimacy with respectable friends. They keep themselves out of great scrapes, and this satisfies their ambition. There are some notorious men as demoralized as men can be without forfeiting all the self-respect of English gentlemen; and many others do not know whether they are black sheep or grey. This is the very picture that is true of the stage. Officers and actresses are, taken in the lump, about on a par of goodness. In fact, if we were to select which we thought the best, it would not be the officers. At any rate, the army and the stage are alike in being scenes of temptation, and it is as anxious a thing for a religious parent to have a son in the army as a daughter on the stage. It is true that actresses are in a much lower social position than officers; but even in England, where goodness and badness are so much a matter of rank, the parents of actresses are permitted to have consciences.

In spite of this, no one thinks, or, at any rate, very few people think, the army a profession to be shunned. And why? Because it has a public character attached to it—because its members are serving the Queen and defending the nation. It is protected from disgrace by the memory of the great men that have belonged to it, and of the fame and honour they have brought to England. There is also an *esprit de corps* in a body publicly recognised and associated in face of the world, which imposes a code of morality and honour that may be imperfect, but which is infinitely better than nothing. There are recognised authorities to take cognizance of any outrageous delinquencies, and a watch is kept by each member of the profession over his fellows, not merely from motives of jealousy and curiosity, but as a duty owed to the profession itself. Directly a person has a *status* in society, he is reduced into a kind of order which he does not dare to violate. Very much of this applies to the stage. The actors and actresses of respectable theatres are practically recognised as a public body—as persons who fill an accepted office and discharge stated duties in society. They live in the eyes of the world. They are subject to the criticism of persons of their own calling, and also to that of the numerous portion of the public which tacitly claims a right to treat actors and actresses as somehow belonging to it and serving it. The stage is also attended in London by constant throngs of educated people, and of people accustomed to elegance, refinement, and

modesty in their own homes. The knowledge that they are acting before such people is the best protection that actors and actresses can have against the temptation to licence. A woman does not like to come on the boards and do or say anything that would immediately forfeit for her the respect of all the ladylike and virtuous women in the house. The actor, like the officer, is placed under a salutary bondage, and is forced by the circumstances of his position to observe the rules of a conventional decorum. This is a much greater gain than it seems at first; and the more the actor is treated as one of the audience, so to say, and is not condemned to a Bohemian life and the society only of his fellows, the better. The stage may not have made much advance in the last century in other respects, but it has made a most important advance in this—that the players are not now the mere pets and *protégés* of the rich, but are people on a particular level in the scale of society who have taken to this occupation as to one of the other humbler professions. This may not be so romantic, but it is a wonderful aid to the virtue of the women and the general morality of the body. But it would have been impossible that this change should have taken place unless theatres had been recognised as, in a manner, public institutions.

It is one of the peculiarities of most good people to shut their eyes to all the facts with which they have to deal. They want to go on being good without caring or reflecting what is to become of the rest of the world. Not one in a hundred of those who object to theatres has ever, we venture to guess, calmly asked what would happen if there were no public theatres. We invite them to understand that the inevitable consequence would be an enormous increase in the number and success of private places of entertainment. The love of amusement, as inherent in man as the love of goodness, would break out into a sudden eruption of casinos, tea-gardens, rope-dancing, poses plastiques, and so on. We are not going to explain why these places are bad, because we should imagine that people who are scrupulous about theatres can guess. But why are theatres better? Simply because they are public; because they are attended by the virtuous and the refined; because they are under the criticism of people of all classes; and also because they aim at an ideal of art, and fill a place in society to which homage of a sort is rendered. The clever and cultivated men who act, the virtuous, pleasant women who act, keep the whole performance in the limits of respectability. It is just as in the army. An irregular force commits a thousand atrocities, and leads a life full of a thousand blots, from which regular troops are free. Discipline, subordination, the connexion of the heads of the profession with the civil Government, make regular soldiers amenable to some sort of rules. Do away with the army, and you will have gangs of fighting ruffians. Do away with public theatres, and you will have big capitals given up to dances that would disgrace any savages that have just begun blue paint and fig-leaves. Far from its being wrong to support theatres, it is, we think, one of the best, most certain, and most pleasant ways of doing good. Every virtuous and refined woman is helping the world who goes to theatres and imposes on the performers the restraints which her presence ought to impose, and which it will impose. If she, and those like her, put down pieces which are objectionable, she encourages in the path of virtue those of her countrywomen who happen to get their bread by acting. She prevents that demoralization of society which is the necessary result of all the bad and all the good people being marked off into two different groups. Many as are the quiet ways in which the Royal Family has done good in the last twenty years, not the least, perhaps, is the countenance it has lent to the London theatres—the fashion it has fostered of going to the play.

BEGGING-LETTERS IMPROVED.

THE subtle shifts by which men prey upon others' purses are really endless. What with subscriptions, and bazaars, and charity balls, and rope-dancing in *pious usus*, some of us will soon have little left either for our personal maintenance or for those good works which we really know and care about. If a man will keep well with his friends and neighbours, he must needs dine on behalf of one pious object, and dance on behalf of another. He must send a shilling in a card for the church here, and a few stamps in an envelope for the school-room there. Before the fingers of his wife and daughters have rested from making pincushions and penwipers for the new organ, they must take up scissors and needles again to keep the nearest Volunteer Corps from breaking down. To the local objects most men grumble and give. Few people have the moral courage to write back that the whole thing is a vile humbug—that they will give or not give according to their means and their sense of right, but that they will not be bullied or entrapped into giving to anything. It is hard altogether to throw cold water on anything which can at all venture to call itself a local public object. The object you doubtless approve—it is only the means that you quarrel with. And you fear that, if you quarrel too openly with the means, you may really do some harm to the object itself. Still, it would be well if the promoters of dinners and balls and bazaars knew how much real goodwill, how much earnest support, how many liberal gifts, they really check by their abominable tomfoolery. If so, they might perhaps be less anxious than they are to fill their Vanity-Fairs with unwilling diners, dancers, and pincushion manufacturers.

But if the local public object is thus made a local public nuisance by the folly of its supporters, how much greater nuisance it is to be worried about the private affairs of distant people whom you never

heard of! To judge from the circulars which go about, as soon as a man finds himself in great distress, he presently writes a book, and then sends about hither and thither to find people who will buy it out of charity. Now, granting that any of these stories are true, and that they are not simple impositions from beginning to end, the principle of this system of begging is exactly the same as that of the bazaar or the charity ball. In both cases you are not asked to give, but to buy; you are not to spend your money without a return; if you go home with a lighter purse, you carry with you a book or a pair of garters to make up for the loss of gold and silver. You are supposed to gratify at once the charitable and the mercantile instinct. You buy, and you pay for what you buy, so that you make no sacrifice, and yet you get the merit of a good work all the same. In truth, the really charitable and the really mercantile instinct are both of them offended. Your charitable instinct is offended, because you feel that you are not doing any real charity. Your gift is not pure—it is not direct—it is probably given with a degree of ill-humour. On the other hand, your mercantile instinct is offended because you do not get a fair return for your money. It angers all one's notions of honest trading to have to pay ten times its value for a worthless book or a worthless penwiper. If you stayed away from the bazaar or abstained from buying the book, you might lay out half the money in a free gift to some object which you really care for, and the other half in buying something which you really want. So to do might possibly give you a pleasant feeling of having done a stroke of business in both worlds. As it is, you have an unpleasant feeling that you are cheated at once out of your good works in the one, and of your good bargains in the other.

The most ingenious forms of the literary begging-letter seem commonly to be sent to ladies and clergymen. The male laity are comparatively untouched. There are several reasons for this. First of all, women and priests are supposed to be more tender-hearted and more easily taken in than mere hard men of the world. Secondly, that most useful book, the *Clergy List*—which we doubt not that every clergyman curses—gives you in one volume the addresses of all the clergy in the kingdom, while the laity can only be hunted up through a multitude of books, County Directories, and such like. It may be asked, then, why do not the wives of laymen escape? The address of the squire is clearly as easy to find out as the address of the squire's wife. But then there is a sort of mysterious freemasonry by which women of all ranks and in all places seem to know all about one another, and by means of which the Lady Bountiful is smelled out at a far greater distance than her husband or brother. There are an infinite number of Ladies' Societies, Ladies' Committees, and so forth—lists of which may easily be had. Every name that is there is at once marked as fair game. And even with the names that are not there, the chances are greater than those of going at random through the Army List, the Law List, and the several Commissions of the Peace. Of course we do not mean that the laity get off altogether. Far from it; many a man is written to purely at a venture; and if a man is so unlucky as once to get a character for benevolence, he might as well put on a surplice or a crinoline at once. But, as a general rule, the burthens of the lay-folk in this matter are much lighter than the burthens of their wives or their pastors.

The sort of applications which we mean are quite different from the ordinary circular announcing the intended publication of a book by subscription. If an author or a publisher wishes to bring out something which is not likely to pay with the general public, but which is likely to interest a particular district or a particular class of readers, there can be no objection to his bringing it specially before the special circle to whom it may be expected to be attractive. Here is no personal importunity; a circular is sent, which takes its chance; it may be favourably answered, it may be read and thrown into the fire, or it may be thrown into the fire unread. What we mean is something very different. The pious clergyman or benevolent lady who is picked out as the victim receives by post, sometimes a book itself, sometimes only the advertisement of the book, accompanied not by a printed circular, but by what is evidently meant as a private letter. Sometimes it seems to be written, or, if not written, it is wonderfully well lithographed. Sometimes, when clearly a mere lithograph, it has an apparently autograph signature. The letter pathetically sets forth the virtues and the distresses of the author. The good pastor or benevolent lady is earnestly pressed to buy the book in order to reward the one and relieve the other. Even if the book is not bought, a few stamps may be sent to frank circulars. If even this application is refused, it is at least hoped that the circular itself may be sent back, that it may be sent to some one else. In short, the person applied to is, as far as may be, bullied into making some kind of answer. If this point is gained, the whole object is probably gained. If any answer is sent, most people, at any rate most women and clergymen, will send a favourable answer. It requires a sort of iron philosophy deliberately to write back, and to write back in a way which may seem harsh and unfeeling. What the applicants really deserve is to have books and circulars sent back to them unanswered and unpaid; but few people will venture upon such an act of elaborate cruelty as this. The great object is to get an answer at all; for if you answer at all, a gracious answer really gives less trouble than an ungracious one. If the beggar does not get all he asks—if he only gets the few stamps instead of the purchase-money of the book—he probably gets something which is very good interest on his paper and ink, and the penny stamp on his letter.

We have lying before us two begging-letters of this kind—one sent to a clergyman, the other to a lady. The latter, it strikes us,

may perhaps be a case of real distress—though, knowing as we do the ingenuity of these impostors, we are by no means certain that it is so. If it really be a case of distress, much as we hate the system, we should be sorry to say anything harsh of the individual. The other is clearly an imposture—an imposture so thoroughly impudent and, one would think, so transparently foolish, that nothing can explain it except the marvellous easiness, the docile tendency to be gulled, of a good many worthy and simple-minded country parsons. The first, with which we wish to deal tenderly, is a beautiful case of twofold ploughing with the heifer. A married lady receives a letter signed with a wholly unknown female name, asking her to buy one or more copies of a book written by the writer's equally unknown husband. A sad picture is added of the grievous sicknesses of the husband, the frightful surgical operations which he has gone through, his heavy doctor's bill, his valuable library sold, and even his own and his wife's clothing pledged. The book itself is written by the poor man on his sick bed. If this is all imposture—and many such tales are mere imposture—a viler sort of swindling cannot be thought of. If it be true, we can only wish that these good people had hit on some more creditable way of seeking relief. The letter calls itself "the only honourable course open to us to obtain subsistence." Now it really seems to us that, if people are in the wretched case described, a direct petition for help, backed by some one who is known and can be trusted, is infinitely more "honourable" than the underhand means of worrying utter strangers to buy books which they do not want.

The other letter, addressed to the clergyman, is so fine a thing that we will not injure it by attempting an analysis.

SIR,—At the suggestion of a friend I sent my book and sermons, and if you could send anything for them or obtain any subscribers, I should feel deeply grateful; for through having expended all my time and means upon the gratuitous delivery of my Sermons and Lectures in the hope of doing good, I am left without a shilling.

Unless I can immediately meet a £10 bill to finish paying for the printing, I shall be ruined. The thought makes me so ill I can scarcely write.

If you could in the smallest degree assist me in this my great extremity of need, I should feel so thankful and shortly repay you, for then brighter days would dawn upon me.

I entreat you to grant my request or a debtor's prison awaits me, and the disgrace would kill me.

God grant that you may not refuse me, and may His blessing rest upon you, and all dear to you, prays,

Yours truly,
DE ———

28 — Street, —, S.W.

19th December, 1861.

Oh save me from the sad fate that awaits me.

We are told by the correspondent of this august and impoverished sermon-writer that he gave himself out for a French Viscount, whose zeal in writing and gratuitously delivering English Sermons and Lectures is not at first sight quite intelligible. Rumour, indeed, says that the pious French Viscount began his career of letter-writing in the character of an English tailor; but this we can neither assert nor deny. Anyhow, the letter is one of the most grotesque things that we ever saw, and we cannot do better than to let it speak for itself.

In these two cases the demand on purse and credulity was made to people on whom the applicants had no more claim than they had on the Grand Lama or on the man in the moon. Sometimes the inhabitants of a particular district are similarly victimized for something which pretends to a local character. A little time back, all the members of a local society received by post a lithograph—a chromo-lithograph, we believe, to speak accurately—a Roman pavement, said to have been lately found in one of the market-towns of the county. Either the chromo-lithograph was to be sent back, or else half-a-crown was to be paid for the privilege of keeping it. Here lies the trick of requiring an answer. It would be hardly fair to keep the thing without paying for it, and it would really be a greater nuisance to send it back with a letter of refusal than to send the thirty stamps and have done with it. Add to this a lurking feeling that everybody else may have bought it, and that you would feel queer if you were the only man in the county who had sent it back. Of two friends who both received the lithograph, and who afterwards compared notes, the one was at first inclined to send it back with a stern refusal; but his wife interfered—how much wiser it is when the wives are written to directly!—and induced him to behave more prettily and to send the stamps. The other did not consult his wife, or else found her of sterner stuff. He sent the pavement back, saying that he declined it on principle, as he did not choose to be coerced into buying anything. A grave rebuke on his discourtesy was returned by the artist; but mark the change. The lithograph was originally sent by plain W. P., but—was the Viscount De ——— taken into counsel in the meanwhile?—the rebuke came from W. De P. The luckless wight had thus his whole offence brought before him. He had been unwittingly refusing stamps and administering censure to the descendant of Norman conquerors.

Both the mild and the stern man in this case were laymen; but it is the clergy whose letter-bags are fullest of curious matter of this kind. Even tradesmen who really have something to sell, and whose productions, therefore, do not come under the head of begging-letters, appeal to the highest pastoral motives when pressing very earthly wares upon the reverend customer. One friend of ours received about the same time circulars from two wine-merchants, each of whom professed—a profession to which we give very little credit—to sell wine under its value from the loftiest motives. Wine-merchant

A. writes to say that "the wine is worth much more than charged, but to you I shall be happy to quote it at 18s. per dozen." This was clumsy; he must be either a very green curate or a very superannuated rector who could be caught by such chaff as a profession of personal regard. Wine-merchant B. set to work far more cleverly. The wine "at the price charged does not pay, but anxiety to enable the clergy to supply the poor with a sound wine induces them to quote it at 18s. per dozen." We should greatly like to know the number of parishes where the sick folk are set to recover upon sloe-juice at 18s. per dozen, distributed by a pastor who believes in the anxiety of his wine-merchant that his wine should be as sound as his doctrine.

BROMPTON REVISITED.

We have on more than one occasion expressed our dislike to a growing practice of investing for private purposes in Royalty. A King's name is a tower of strength to any cause; and a stock which is lucky enough to receive a Royal or Imperial guarantee has its value to speculators for a rise. Mr. Peter Morrison invested in Lord Abercorn, just as the tailors and bootmakers in Regent Street invest in the royal arms. We thought, and still think, that it is a very unfair use of the Sovereign's name to put it on the back of a bill which is already in the market. It is notorious that such schemes as those for Albert Baths and Washhouses as a Memorial to the Prince Consort were agreed upon and settled by shrewd committees and active secretaries, and that all the details and plans and even estimates were thought over, long before the dutiful and loyal suggestion of deferring to the Queen's pleasure was advanced in public. The nature and character of the Memorial is now settled, and everybody pays deference to the Royal wish now that it is expressed; but we shall not soon forget the greed with which philanthropic speculators pounced upon Royalty, and, under the shallow pretence of honouring the dead, only sought to get out of the national grief an advertisement for their own crotchets. This matter of the Prince's Memorial is only an illustration of a general practice; but the most formidable and serious instance of this evil may be looked for if the intentions of some persons interested in the Great Exhibition are carried out.

The Exhibition of 1862 having been decided upon, its success becomes a matter of life and death to a vast number of persons, and must be forwarded by all means and arts. In the presence of such arts and schemes, what we now want is some strong and superior influence constantly at work, which shall prevent the whole thing taking the character of a job. Here we lack the presence of the lamented Prince Consort. He was, not only in station, but in character, so thoroughly elevated above the small and petty interests of parties and cliques, that he kept down all those tendencies to serve private interests at the public cost which are already rather a matter of experience than anticipation. His only motive was the public good; and now we miss his solid unselfish devotion of purpose, and his clear appreciation of only such interests as were large and national. Of course, there is no one to take his place of unchallenged control over the details; and, therefore, it becomes the duty of the public to see that the Exhibition is not made use of either for mere personal purposes, or for compromising interests which are superior to all conceivable International Exhibitions.

Such an undertaking as the Exhibition must have its prosaic and very practical side. Apart from all the fine writing and fine talking in which six or seven weeks hence all the world will be indulging—and when we have exhausted our rhetorical common-places—there will remain the kernel of fact that, like all other shops, even the Great International Exhibition is meant to pay. Look at the vast number of persons who are bound to do everything they can to make it a pecuniary success. Not only is it the interest of Captain Fowke and the contractors to keep their *claqueurs* going in the daily newspapers, but there are all those noblemen and gentlemen who have come forward with their guarantees. There are the exhibitors, to a man, mixed up with the success of the show, and there is that vast army of stipendiaries whose income depends on getting up and keeping up these Exhibitions. There is quite an artistic and literary staff who live on the Exhibition, and whose whole life and calling would collapse were there not always some "Exhibition" in prospect, or in progress, or *in esse*. Quite an army depends upon giving "go" and *elan* to the Exhibition. To this necessity of stimulating public attention we must attribute all the puffing, and swagger, and ostentation, and prophetic announcements which we daily see in the newspapers on the subject. As long as public patience would endure it, we were told that the building was a very fine one—that the domes were an unrivalled achievement in art—that we had for once produced a tenth wonder of the world. The force of puffing could no further go, and at last even the puffers begin to think that they have out-Boswellized their Johnson; and the *Times* tosses up the first straw to show which way the wind has set; and, in the person of a fictitious Frenchman, brings in the verdict of "dam ugly."

But a more serious matter than the artistic merits of Captain Fowke is now at issue. The merits of the shed being settled, we must now do what we can to get up a "sensation" opening. We are informed—apparently on authority—that "the important question of the distinguished personages who are to take part in the opening ceremony will in a few days be certainly arranged." We should like to know by whom? Who sends out the national cards—Britannia at Home on 1st May? Are we, in this serious matter, at the mercy of "the exhibitioners who are—" so the same authority

tells us—"seriously disappointed at the absence of the Prince of Wales," and who "are certainly about to take some step in the matter," and "actually to memorialize the Queen to bring the Prince of Wales back" to open Captain Fowke's shed on May-day? If "the exhibitors and all concerned in the success of the Exhibition" do any such thing, they will be guilty of an abominable piece of impertinence. The Prince of Wales is making the tour of the East; he landed in Egypt on the 1st of March; and have the proprietors of Rowland's Kalydor and the Kaleidos Stays the coolness to ask the Queen to tell the Prince to cut short his tour, and to give up an opportunity, which he can never recover, for the personal and selfish purposes of those "who are concerned in the success of the Exhibition?"

Nor is this all. The same authority tells us that the Commissioners are to be "empowered to invite foreign Sovereigns to be present at the ceremony." To say nothing, or as little as we can, of what we should have thought would be the first consideration—the state of our own Court, and the affectionate respect which all England, not excluding those "concerned in the success of the Exhibition," ought to pay to Her Majesty's feelings, which on this day of the opening of the Exhibition must be more severely tried than on any previous day since her great bereavement—these visits of Royal Personages coming as Royalties are grave matters of state policy. It is said that the Emperor of the French is to be invited. Emperors and Kings cannot make mere morning calls. It may be quite true, as a matter of fact, that if the Emperor came he might only come for a lounge through the bowers of Brompton, and to renew old associations with those chaste and pleasant haunts. Very possibly no State secrets would be even broached during his stay in England. But such a visit, in some sense or other, is sure to be invested with a greater significance than it deserves. Lord Palmerston could not ride a hobby-horse in a fantastic jerkin at Compiègne without its being remembered through many a debate, and treasured up for many a leading article. The Emperor Napoleon is not likely to lose such a chance of doing some political business. He is just as alive to his own interests as the wide-awake exhibitors who propose to hire his Imperial presence for their opening day. It may suit him to be invited, as it certainly suits those "concerned in the success of the Exhibition" to invite him. And the Emperor is not the man, when he has anything to gain—or, which is much the same thing, to seem to gain—to be over-nice or scrupulous. Otherwise, the Commissioners would seem to hire an Emperor much as an enterprising baker hires a brass band on "inaugurating" a new shop. If the Emperor comes, "it is certain there will be 30,000 visitors on the opening day;" and 30,000 visitors means at least 30,000*l.*, and 30,000*l.* will take some load off the minds of the guarantors, and will light up countenances over which some shades of doubt and despondency are settling—even the countenances of those who are "concerned in the success of the Exhibition."

And yet more. There are two sides to this very clever stroke of business. The visit of the Emperor may attract a crowd. Mr. Foster or Mr. Spurgeon would do that. But it is possible that there are two poles even to an Emperor; and we are not sure that to the British people generally the repelling would not be stronger than the attracting pole. We are not going to rake up old sores, and we get on very well just now with our French neighbours. But in common life there are some neighbours with whom we always get on best if we are not so extremely intimate and do not cultivate too close visiting terms. It may be so with kings. We have already had the honour of entertaining his Imperial Majesty, and we are not desirous that the good effects of that visit should be lessened by a repetition. If the Commissioners are well advised, they will let this Royal invitation drop; and, under the circumstances, his Imperial Majesty would, as is his wont, act wisely if he declined it when proffered. It is quite plain that the Emperor cannot be the Queen's guest. It is not for the British nation—always excepting the exhibitors at Brompton—to plead for an honour which, from sad circumstances, our Sovereign is personally precluded from soliciting.

WANT OF MONEY.

IF one slight change were made in the circumstances of the mass of society, what an astounding effect would be produced! And yet our supposed case could not be put in any startling form. It is only that, instead of people, as a rule, having less money than they want—less than seems necessary for the working out and fit fulfilment of the duties and pleasures of their position—all had just a little more than enough. It appears a simple idea, and pleasant as it is simple. It is no unreasonable stretch of the imagination—just a little surplus for everybody, sufficient to make all ends meet, and a little over; yet, in fact, it would turn the world upside down, and that in a week's time. Want of money is the moral principle of gravitation—the only power, as we are constituted, strong enough to keep things in their places. It is this shortness and dearth, which our supposed change would remove—this perpetual deficiency, this constant hitch, this all but ineffectual struggle to keep above water—which maintains the world's stability, and saves us from perpetual change and dissolution. It is the difference between a close fit and even a small surplus and excess which alone keeps men to the work of their lives. It is the one stern cure for restlessness—the potent guide to consistency which nobody can evade. All labour, whether of mind or hand, would be spasmodic and intermittent without it. It is the only *must* in a free country that men have to obey all their lives. If people had once money enough to stop in their career, to turn round, to look about them, to debate

matters, to try experiments, to indulge fancies, to yield to disgusts, society would come to a dead-lock. There would be first universal change, and then nobody can guess what. But, to speak generally, nobody has enough; for in a question of this sort the really rich are so minute a minority as not to count, and it is most happy that it is so.

Indeed, without going into the case speculatively, nobody does wish for universal wealth. This moderate rise from a little short of enough to a little above it, from straitness to ease, is a wish that people instinctively reserve for themselves and their friends. It is only for self and a chosen few that such aspirations are formed as we find condensed in the Scotchman's prayer for a modest competency:—"And, that there may be no mistake, let it be seven hundred a-year paid quarterly in advance." We know well enough, without consulting the political economists, that it would be highly inconvenient if all the sons of toil, by whom we live, had, even according to their own limited ideas, a remunerative generous return for their labours, and were thus enabled to stop and deliberate, and change their calling when weary of it. Want of money is an external force necessary to the world's stability, but which our reason is slow honestly to recognise in cases nearly concerning ourselves. It is a spur no one is willing to believe indispensable to himself. To each man it is a superhuman effort of humility to believe that pecuniary necessities are essential to his getting through life with decent credit—that he is incapable of getting good and happiness out of a full purse. But we cannot help seeing that, in the case of many another man, it is well for "want to be his master"—that there are people who were patient, humble, striving, laborious, contented under a narrow fortune, but whom money has completely upset, on whom it has wrought like the insane root.

These admissions are necessary, and we have to repeat such arguments often, to reconcile ourselves to the weight and sadness which this all but universal condition of humanity induces in the social atmosphere. Even passing through the streets, how many wrinkled brows and careworn physiognomies we meet which we learn to trace to this one source! The poor have no skill at disguising their anxieties. These are written in large characters on their whole bearing, and the very title we give them reveals the source of their anxieties; but others who have learnt the graceful art of concealment—who wear a social smile as part of a liberal education—how often we catch their faces betraying, as it were, some process of mental arithmetic, as though some sum were being cast up within which will not give the wished-for answer. It is said that you cannot overhear Americans talk for two minutes without the word "dollars" coming in. In the old country it is rather the want of an equivalent for the dollar which impresses itself on the aspect of things—not, we must own, by any evidences of squalor, but by the general carelessness and anxious deliberation that is the prevailing characteristic of a crowd. Imagine for an instant the change from gravity, deepening often into gloom, which would be apparent in the air and look of our streets, if every one we met had found himself that morning with ten pounds in hand. For the extended wealth we are imagining is not large possessions. We do not say, with the Roman, "that man is rich who can maintain an army," but he who is absolutely easy in his circumstances, whatever they are, and knows no care about money.

When we speak of want of money being a universal disease, we imply that it is a respectable one, and belonging to the responsible portion of the community. It is not only jovial Falstaffs who can find no remedy for this consumption of the purse. Nor do we confine ourselves by any means to poverty in its strictest sense; though, of course, where there is debt and embarrassment it is felt at its worst. Careful fathers of families, prudent tradesmen, are, we know, thinking of ways and means—the dull eye, the heavy tread betray them. Pious rectors, painstaking curates—it is not parish, or sermon, or speculative thought alone which chastens and subdues their outer man to such seeming conformity with their calling. Plodding students, hard-working lawyers, devoted young doctors, are seldom quite absorbed in their respective cases. On all and each there is a superadded care—a worry that does not belong to their work. The traces of a struggle are upon them all. The people who have not to think about money as an anxious subject, who have no care about it, who are never seriously checked by it, who are not periodically kept awake by it, whose reveries are not tinged by it, for themselves or those they care for like themselves, are so few, compared with the whole community, that they need not be taken into the account. If any man at ease in his own circumstances does not know the feeling, it is that his exceptional position, the isolation of his prosperity, stints his sympathy. All people who can feel for others and are therefore admitted into confidences, or, more likely, understand without any spoken confidence at all, find this a weight—an abiding though probably salutary sadness. How many young spirits they see prematurely depressed by this want—it may be the consequences of their own folly! How many manners, tempers, peculiarities may be interpreted by it! How many people are dull, or proud, or unsocial from the secret irritation of want of money! How many bright intelligences are diverted from their highest development from the same cause! We are not quarrelling with things as they are—we have asserted, on the contrary, that it is all-essential to the world's well-being; but nevertheless this painful side of the question does seem to exist. We know so many people who seem as if they would be the better for easy circumstances and a relaxation from care.

However, human shoulders are made to bear heavy burdens. If we could see into the inner anxieties of many a cheerful exterior, we should wonder how the cheerfulness could be maintained. But,

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in fact, the universality of the evil makes it bearable. There is a sustaining, inspiring reliance on fellow-feeling, pervading every circle, though scarcely realized till it is missed ; as it is missed in the presence of obtrusive wealth — wealth that makes itself felt like a barrier, either by vulgar pride of purse, contempt of small expense, or by the cool assumption that want of money in all its consequences is no evil, and is not hard to bear, and involves no real privation. There is an insolence of satiety, peculiarly irritating to the spirit which feels its wings but may not use them. And yet such people have something to say for themselves, in whatever way they make themselves offensive. Perhaps nothing should console us more for our friends' or our own want of money than the extraordinary uses to which people who have it put their superfluity. It often seems difficult to get pleasure out of money, though, in the abstract, nothing seems so easy. Speculation may be a foolish luxury, and extravagance is undoubtedly wrong, but they are both more intelligible than the creditable methods some rich men hit upon for the disposal of vast sums, which are often curiously like throwing it into the river or burying it. The tricks some men play with the surface of their estates are of this sort to the unsympathizing looker-on. The passion for earthworks, for displacing stones or soil, for levelling or hollowing, raising mounds, diverting streams and so forth — all on a scale commensurate with their fortune — are very like contrivances to get rid of money. There are sermons in all stones ; and though our eye is not insensible to the gratification of an unbroken length of granite, we must regard a monolith — for thousands of years the supreme achievement of wealth — as an emphatic preacher of content to the poor man. And even when the rich enter into more intelligible expense, they seem to have to spend, not in proportion to the thing aimed at, but to their means. If a rich man adds a wing to his house, by a certain law he has to spend five times as much upon it as we can understand by the results. He gets no more pleasure, scarcely more effect out of it, than where the same thing is done by others who have to think of money at every turn. Perfect finish and completeness enormously affect the whole outlay but not, to the same degree, the imagination. Not many people, it is clear, get much enjoyment out of a large fortune. Who does not feel that he could manage one better than the actual possessor ? Now, in the mere question of buying, how few can indulge in the delicious pleasure of buying — not of *spending*, that comes of itself without active steps on our part, but of *buying* — visibly exchanging our money for what we can hold in our hand ! How few can safely buy a thing because they fancy it, not because it cannot be done without ! But the amusement of buying evidently palls where there is no difficulty. What men may have any time for the asking they often don't care to have at all. An acquisition to a poor man is a sort of conquest, like that black-letter folio immortalized by Charles Lamb, to procure which the "old brown suit was made to hang on six weeks longer." Then, when rich people do seem to enjoy their money, we often don't like their way of doing it. Persons who know nothing of poverty are sometimes cold, hard, and uninteresting. They betray a barren complacency, and care for their possessions chiefly as giving them what others want — for making them enviably singular. They are consequently extremely jealous of all general benefits to mankind — just as a good many people quarrelled with railroads because they deprived them of the power of travelling faster than other folks. However, we will not pursue this part of our theme further. Moralising is so easy and so obvious, and yet nobody feels quite honest while he indulges in it. As we write, Johnson's confessions on this point will obtrude themselves :—

When I was running about this town a very poor fellow, I was a great arguer for the advantages of poverty ; but I was at the same time very sorry to be poor. Sir, all the arguments which are brought to represent poverty as no evil, show it to be evidently a great evil. You never find people labouring to convince you that you may live very happily upon a plentiful fortune.

And Sydney Smith spoke in the same vein, declaring it as his experience that he was happier for every additional guinea of income that he got. We may misuse wealth, but deliverance from anxiety is felt to be a blessing when it comes, which cannot be gainsaid.

There is one consideration, however, for restless imaginations busy in amending the arrangements of Providence. No one living has a right to believe himself or those about him independent of circumstances. Men's wants and deficiencies have a large part in the formation of the purest and most disinterested friendships, and even in maintaining them. If our friends' worldly condition were materially improved, we cannot be at all sure that they would be the same to us. It is highly improbable that they would. We fit one another as we are. Very likely some element of unfitness would spring up if our relative positions were altered. Our society may now be invested with some subtle charm of sympathy for which then there would be no play. Or our friend would have other claims more importunate than ours, in which we must acquiesce if we are wise, but which would not the less make a change where change is not welcome. Perhaps the charm and sentiment of our lives — what is, after all, better to us, and more indispensable than material wealth — hangs on our being no richer, no more prosperous, no more independent than we are. If, then, there is anything in our relations with others that we cling to, and could not bear to see altered, we had best, even in this matter of wanting money, cheerfully reconcile ourselves to the universal need, and, because there is something we care for more, make ourselves content and satisfied with things as they are.

EARLY RISING.

THE winter being well over, it is allowable to touch on a subject too oppressive for weak nerves whilst nights are long and days are short. In the month of March we do not feel that thrill of discomfort at the mention of early rising which is common to well-constituted minds in the month of December. We gain courage as the season advances, and may now smile at matutinal miseries that cast a cloud over us a month or two since. It is interesting to reflect upon the change that comes over a man's mind on waking up early in the morning after what is called a good night's rest. He retired to bed with rather a good opinion of himself. His conversation, in his own opinion at least, had been, if not decidedly brilliant, essentially agreeable. He had accomplished rather a neat *bon mot*, unearthed an apt quotation, turned a graceful compliment in honour of a fair neighbour whose beaming eyes evinced that it was duly appreciated, and delivered himself of a few well-constructed sentences on a subject under discussion with so much effect that respectful silence on all sides proved him to be master of the situation. He was pleased with the part he had played — affable but not familiar with the men, delicately attentive but not vulgarly demonstrative with the womankind. He reflects with some degree of complacency on the whole tenor of the evening, and even gives way to some faint misgiving whether he really deserves to be so successful in society as he is usually admitted to be. His eyes softly close in tranquil slumber, whilst he is forming a dim resolution to render his claims to general approbation more thoroughly substantial than is now the case.

Morning breaks — a winter morning of darkness visible — chilly and grim, "no light, but a wannish glare." The man struggles once more into consciousness, and — pending that abominable rap at the door that, for the time being, elevates the servant to a master and depresses the master to abject servitude — he collects his somewhat obfuscated senses, and thinks upon his general position, past, present, and future. Last night's career of social and intellectual success naturally claims his earliest attention. What a very unpleasant change steals over the aspect of affairs ! He had bade adieu to the company, not elated, not excited — simply satisfied with himself, and on good terms with everybody else — wrapped in a mild glow of tranquil self-complacency. What has become of it all ? He does not look at the matter by any means from the same point of view. Words, smiles, looks, gestures recur to him. Was he altogether so successful, so ingratiating and impressive, as he fondly imagined ? A mist of doubt begins to spread over the scene. That *bon mot* hovered on the edge of absurdity. That quotation was just a trifle stale. Was the gleam of light that danced in the eyes of his fair neighbour, when he turned that easy compliment, a token of grateful pleasure or an indication of suppressed merriment at his expense ? Was that respectful silence a tribute of public homage or an avowal of universal fatigue ? In short, did he not make himself rather a bore ? Was he not a little absurd ? Did he not, on the whole, and speaking dispassionately, make a fool of himself ? Such are the unwelcome thoughts that grate upon the waking mind as the first rays of a wintry sun begin to whiten the eastern sky. You feel exceedingly small. You are ready to apologize to all your acquaintances, individually and collectively. You meditate vaguely upon retiring from the world, embarking for Australia, or subsiding into a Lilliputian lodging at a fifth-rate watering-place in Devon or Somerset. Probably, however, your satisfaction the night before and your despondency at break of day are equally exaggerated. Probably you did not make a fool of yourself, but probably also you did not electrify the public with either your wisdom or your wit. You were about as agreeable as anybody else, neither more nor less.

The waking up of a morning is indeed a sort of double process — a shaking off both of bodily slumber and of mental delusion — but its first shock is often over-harsh, and drives us from undue contentment into morbid self-abasement. The balance is only regained as the day advances and the judgment resumes its natural sway. But suppose yourself waked up and wrenched out of your bed by that inevitable and despotic rap at the door. If you are an early riser, we do not pity you one jot as you struggle through the various stages of what is called "getting up." An early riser is, commonly speaking, conceited to a degree very painful to the general public. There is a vulgar freshness in his face, and a radiant hilarity in his eye when he greets you at breakfast — an obtrusive tendency to speak of the temperature out of doors and the beauty of the sunrise — an impertinent inquisitiveness as to how long you have been down stairs — suggestive of a mind provokingly self-complacent and absurdly arrogant. An early riser is amply compensated for all his sufferings by an overweening sense of superiority over the weaker members of society.

A valued friend once told us, in an oracular tone of voice, that "It was a wholesome thing to begin the day by an act of self-denial," i.e. to get up early. The observation made a deep impression. But, accidentally discovering that our friend was particularly fond of a quiet extra hour or so in bed, the remark lost its point, and we have ever since experienced increased difficulty in performing the act of self-denial referred to. Habit, no doubt, can do anything in reason, and, to many, early rising is a matter of course. It is, to those who have the use of it, "as easy as lying." Yet we can enter somewhat into the feelings of the officer who, having retired from the army, directed his servant to awake him every morning at six o'clock with the intelligence, "Sir, the officers' call has sounded, and the general is on the parade!" — for the simple object of triumphantly anathematizing

the general and turning round to take another nap. The sting of early rising chiefly consists in its being imperative. Where it is optional—where a man may lie in bed if he chooses—the effort of rising is less serious, the shock to the whole system less tremendous, than when the obligation is absolute. But, to some men, not to get up at the appointed hour represents an almost criminal degree of weakness and vacillation. Partly from a sense of moral duty, partly from a tender regard for their own self-respect, they spring out of bed at the dreaded signal with a self-approving conscience, but with a countenance of the deepest dejection.

An eminent agriculturist, now deceased, who for many years represented a midland county in Parliament, was wont, when his amateur labours required him to rise at a preternaturally early hour, to adopt the ingenious expedient of going to bed with his clothes on overnight. It took off the edge, as it were, of early rising and broke the neck of the enterprise. We cannot say whether the gentleman carried out the device to all its logical conclusions, and washed his hands and face overnight also. In any case it was a half-and-half mode of proceeding—neither one thing nor the other—neither sitting up all night nor getting up betimes—a piece of practical sophistry objectionable both for mind and body. In the British army under the Duke of Kent's *régime*, dodges of this kind were indeed essential. Officers of all ranks were rigorously compelled to appear on parade every morning with their pigtailed stiff with powder and pomatum. But the capability of regimental barbers was limited. It was impossible to dress more than a given number of pigtailed in a given time. Thus the luckless juniors of the regiment were compelled to resign their pigtailed to the barber's hands overnight, and, in order to keep them in proper trim, sleep with their heads upon a bench and their precious pigtailed securely pendent in mid-air. Then, at the sound of the bugle, they sprang up from their embarrassing position, and rushed to the parade-ground or the battle-field, ready to show their pigtailed to the Duke or their faces to the enemy. A regimental surgeon, present with the army at the period referred to, himself told us that for weeks he lived perpetually ensconced in buckskin breeches, and, if we mistake not, when the garment needed a fresh coating of pipeclay, the worthy man had to stand patiently before a large fire, slowly revolving like a joint of meat until the pipeclay was dry, and he could make a creditable appearance on parade.

To return to *bonâ fide* early rising, where you not only get up from a horizontal position, but struggle with mechanical energy through the task of dressing—that badge and burden of civilized humanity. However conscientious may be our views in respect of early rising, there are occasions when it is prudent to hold them in abeyance. For example, on a visit to a friend's house. You may be a man of cheerfully active habits—impatient of bed—eager to inhale the morning air. But do not, till you are acquainted with the internal regulations of the household, rashly spurn the hospitable couch, and issue from your chamber at the early hour to which you are accustomed in your own home. We will assume that you are able to dress yourself without the assistance of a valet, regard hot water as a debilitating luxury, and can find your way tolerably well about a strange house. In the grey dawn, amidst profound stillness, you traverse the passages and descend the stairs. Your boots creak pertinaciously—each door you open slams after you with a noise like the report of a cannonade, and in joyousness of heart you whistle a bar or two of your favourite air—unconscious all the while that you are startling a dozen ladies and gentlemen from refreshing slumber, and inflicting a twelve hours' headache on your amiable but much disconcerted hostess. Below stairs all is dark and silent as the family vault at the parish church. You march onward, wander through unknown passages, blunder into the billiard-room and upset three cues on the uncarpeted floor, finally reach the drawing-room, and, after pinching your finger severely, succeed in opening the shutters. You have not much time to meditate on the dreary aspect of an apartment that is exactly in the same state as it was when you left it overnight, because you are suddenly assailed by a pet lap-dog, asthmatic but vicious, who takes you for a burglar and flies at your legs with yells of fury. Under these circumstances, the prudent course is to take to your heels; and if you can get out of the room without tumbling over an ottoman placed conveniently in your way, or smashing a set of mother-of-pearl chessmen with which you had checkmated your host the night before, you are a very fortunate man. It is wise, therefore, on your first visit to a friend's house, to repress "early rising" propensities, and feel the pulse of the household by waiting till you are called.

Some families, on the other hand, are so uncommonly early as to cause embarrassment of another kind. The guest is awakened in the midst of what he supposes his first sleep by a dull grating sound in the room below. It is pitch dark. He sits up in bed, rubs his eyes, and listens. The noise continues; and the guest, who is of an anxious turn of mind, springs out of bed with sudden energy. There are decidedly thieves in the house. Striking a light, he seizes the poker, hastens downstairs between sleeping and waking, bursts into the library with dishevelled hair and staring eyes, and the bedroom poker feebly vibrating in his hands. There is an appalling shriek, and he beholds the housemaid's upturned face white with alarm at the startling apparition. She has been simply engaged in raking out the ashes from the library grate preparatory to lighting the fire. The household is one that rises early, and the clock on the stairs is striking six.

Careful masters and mistresses, as well as conscientious early risers, are addicted to the use of an alarm. This is, however, a piece of mechanism very apt to get out of repair, either through

domestic treachery or from constitutional infirmity. The ingenious little instrument, having been set for seven in the morning, utters its horrible outcry the very instant you are warm in bed, or remains dumb and never sounds at all until some time in the middle of next week. But the most effectual method of promoting habits of early rising was that presented to the public at the Great Exhibition in '51. It consisted of a bed which, through the operation of an unseen system of clockwork, gently tilted you out upon the floor at any hour you thought proper. There could be no mistake about getting up under such circumstances. It was an action of ejection which no ingenuity could evade, and no amount of obstinacy resist. Whether any one bought that bed we have never heard, but we trust to see some new varieties of the article at the forthcoming Exhibition. The principle might indeed be carried further. Chairs and sofas, fitted up with the requisite machinery, might be wound up and adjusted for dismissing their occupants abruptly on the floor after a lapse of time previously determined upon. Morning visitors belonging to the *genus bore*, or gentlemen addicted to sitting too long over their wine after dinner, might in this manner receive notice to quit in unmistakably plain terms. If the patentees of that remarkable bed are wise, they will, on its second presentation to the public at the approaching Exhibition, paste on the footboard in good clear type the argument in favour of early rising afforded in a case on the Western Circuit. It was somewhere down in Cornwall that a learned judge was struck by the number of very old men who appeared as witnesses whether for plaintiff or defendant. His Lordship at length blandly interrogated one of these aged Cornishmen. How came he to live to so great an age? Was he sober? Not particularly. Was he, generally speaking, a prudent and decorous member of society? The implied compliment was modestly but decisively declined. What then was the meaning of his being so exceedingly old? The simple explanation at last extracted was, that the man was an "early riser." We may note with regard to this anecdote, first, that men in the country—rustics of all ages—invariably rise early; secondly, that if a man goes to bed drunk, he is not likely to be up with the lark next morning, and consequently early rising implies a tolerable degree of sobriety, and sobriety is on the whole favourable to longevity. We do not therefore attach much value to this illustration of the sanitary results of early rising. But it will take with the multitude, and we therefore commend it to the notice of the patentees of that wonderful bed.

We began with describing the depressing influence of early morning on a man who had retired to rest, a few hours before, exceedingly well pleased with himself. We will conclude by glancing at the subject from another point of view. The over-complacent man awakes to a wholesome sense of his insignificance. On the other hand, the man who went to rest baffled and heart-sore with many anxieties, or stunned by a reverse of fortune, often—indeed generally—when thoroughly awake next morning, feels his nerves braced up to meet the emergency. It is alleged by certain physiologists that, if we dismiss a subject on which we are anxious wholly from our thoughts, and turn our attention to other matters, the mind will, in a sort of unconscious way, work stealthily at the problem that distressed us, and when we come back to it, after a day or two's pause, we shall find oftentimes a satisfactory solution ready, or at least a clue to extricate us partially from our troubles. In this way, no doubt, the comfort and assistance derived from a night's rest may be easily explained, if indeed any more abstruse explanation be required than that afforded by the refreshment which repose yields to the wearied body, and change of thought to the fagged and exhausted brain. As in most things, so in this. We believe that the *via media* is the safest road—that moderate early rising is a wholesome practice, but that early rising carried to an extreme forestalls your strength for the coming day, throws you out of gear with society, and makes you generally disagreeable to your family and your friends.

A MINISTER OF PUBLIC WORKS.

SO early as in the fourth number of the *Saturday Review*—that is, more than six years ago—we suggested the appointment of a Minister on whom should devolve the responsibility of preparing the estimates, and undertaking the care of what is vaguely known as the Science and Art departments of Education. We do not grudge Lord Henry Lennox and Mr. Gregory the opportunity of which they availed themselves on Tuesday night, of advocating a proposal which has been gradually forcing itself upon public confidence. Nor are we disposed to profess dissatisfaction with the result obtained in the House of Commons. The subject is a large and complex one, in which complete identity of opinion on details is neither to be expected nor desired. It gave the Chancellor of the Exchequer an occasion, not altogether uncongenial to his habits of mind, to knock the heads of the advocates of reform together, while substantially agreeing with their broad and general postulate. This sort of thing was required by the exigencies of an official position; but we can quite afford to pass over all the anticipatory loopholes for a bit-by-bit reform with which Mr. Gladstone so amply provided himself—and of which Mr. Disraeli, a more than contingent Minister, so adroitly availed himself—in the face of the solid concession to common sense which the Government made. Opinions may reasonably differ as to the contingent and future relations of the official trustees of the British Museum to the Treasury. We may take our side with Sir Charles Eastlake or Mr. Coningham on the merits of the "Paul Veronese." We may—and this is no indifferent or open matter—feel strongly about the

separation of the Natural History department from Great Russell Street. Nay, we may take this side or that as to the completeness, present or possible, of the National Portrait Gallery; or, with Mr. Gregory, we may repeat our strictures on the state of Trafalgar Square. But none of these issues was that propounded on Tuesday. It was a simple and solid one—viz., that somehow or other, and somewhere or other, there should be responsible authority.

We are not so Utopian as to believe that even when we have got a Government functionary, be he a First Commissioner of Works with new powers, or a Minister of Works with a seat in the Cabinet, entrusted not only with all authority over the great Institutions of Science and Art, but with the care of Public Monuments, the province and duty of criticism on the national culture of science and art will be exhausted. Far from it. What we want is a butt at which to discharge those arrows of advice and animadversion which at present are expended on empty air. It is very likely that one half of the complaints which have from time to time been made against the management of the British Museum would, upon discussion, have been found nugatory if there had been any paid and responsible advocate for that institution. Mr. Gregory is quite right in saying that the management, merely as management, of the Kensington institution, is in one respect a model. Very possibly we might differ with Mr. Gregory as to the mode in which that management has been carried out, or as to the competency of the officials, or as to their principles and knowledge of art. But that is not the question. The "department" is administered energetically; and when we have anything to complain of we fly at once at Mr. Cole's throat. But in the case of the British Museum it is mere beating of the air. What is the use of launching a philippic against the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, and the Speaker of the House of Commons, for not buying this or that collection, or for not deciding between the conflicting claims of the special departments of the Museum? Who thinks of a bill of indictment for bad taste preferred against the representatives of Sir Hans Sloane's family, or for neglect of duty against the lineal descendants of the lamented Mr. Cracherode? Lord Henry Lennox was perfectly right in showing, as he showed conclusively, that Boards had been prolific in jobbery ever since that happy method of securing patronage and shirking responsibility had been invented. And, on the other hand, Mr. Gladstone was quite right in saying that there is at least an element in the Trustee system worth preserving. A responsible Minister is not to be an autocrat; and it was by conveniently forgetting the different aspects under which Lord Henry and Mr. Gregory viewed the notion of personal responsibility as centred in the Minister, that Mr. Gladstone adroitly contrived to suggest an opposition between the mover and seconder of Tuesday's criticism which was much more apparent than real. The future Minister of Public Works must be surrounded by a board of constitutional assessors and of professional experts and assessors. Nobody would seriously propose to entrust to the Cowper, or Llanover, or Manners of the future to buy all our pictures and to arrange or derange all the collections in Great Russell Street. Mr. Coningham would scarcely, in his not ungrudging estimate of his own capabilities, consider himself sufficient for these things. And in the existing Boards of Trustees, whether we look to South Kensington, to Trafalgar Square, to Jermyn Street, to Great George Street, or to Bloomsbury, there is an ample germ of future usefulness.

It may now be fairly asked if the principle contended for in Lord Henry Lennox's resolution is conceded by the Government, what remains to be discussed? We reply—much. Our argument does not require us to say that the principle was surrendered on Tuesday with a bad grace; but there are ominous indications in Mr. Gladstone's concessions—not as to their substance, but their manner—which require to be watched. In one respect, the resolution was redundant—in another, defective. As far as the wording went, it required Government responsibility for the disposition of public moneys expended on Education, Science, and Art. Strictly speaking, the Education grant, as the nightly debates abundantly prove, is quite under Parliamentary control. But the education to which the resolution intended to restrict itself was education in Art and Science. In this respect Lord Henry Lennox might have expressed himself more happily. But there was one whole field of public duty, naturally belonging to a responsible Minister of Works, on which the debate never touched. We are speaking of the responsibility which ought to be attached somewhere, of preserving old monumental works of art and of designing new ones. Our cathedrals are in hands which on the whole are equal to the duties entrusted to them; but when we come to ruined abbeys, to Cromlechs, to Stonehenge, or Wroxeter, there is no security against any one of these monuments being swept away by personal caprice or ignorance. Matters are even worse with new works. Without opening an old sore, everybody must acknowledge that it is an unsatisfactory state of things when such a great public work as the Foreign Office is liable to be settled, unsettled, changed, and modified at the caprice of a single, and, in this respect, an entirely irresponsible, member of the Government. So with the new Law Courts. All that we know is the faint hope whispered, not without trembling solicitude, that Parliament may see the plans before somebody or nobody decides upon them. So with the Thames Embankment—a matter which, as though for the very purpose of pointing the necessity, not so much of Lord Henry Lennox's resolution, but of a much broader one,

was at a later hour introduced on Tuesday by Mr. Cowper. All that was announced was that the Metropolitan Board of Works was to be entrusted with the execution of the plan; but of the plan itself not a word was vouchsafed. Now to quay the Thames, even on the restricted scheme which we are sorry to see is decided upon—for very restricted is the plan which does not prolong the quay from Blackfriars to London Bridge—requires some artistic thought and consideration. As things are, what responsibility there is for public works like these, is so divided and diluted that practically it ceases to exist. The Chief Commissioner of Works is only the head of an administrative office, not a responsible Minister. He is trammelled by the Treasury, in collision with the Board of Works, at feud with the Corporation of the City of London, and in mortal terror of such a squalid bugbear as the Marylebone Vestry. From such a life as this it is proposed to release, at the fitting time, the Chief Commissioner. At the fitting time, and *pace* Mr. Gladstone, no time so fitting as the present. Here is an idle Session, and the duty of arranging this forlorn department of the State may well occupy idle statesmen, or even the Government itself. The occasion for recurring to the subject is all but instant; for Mr. Gladstone announces the scheme of separating the Natural History Collection from the British Museum, in which change, though he may reckon on Mr. Disraeli's aid, he must be prepared to encounter a severe struggle with a strong section of the scientific world.

AGREEABLE PEOPLE.

IT is only in the first stages of acquaintance that we consider much whether a person is agreeable. Afterwards, the term must fail in adequately expressing the gratification derived from an interchange of ideas between old and valued friends. When such have lived long together and known each other thoroughly, far deeper and more important qualities, intellectual as well as moral, are brought into play, which cast any consideration of mere agreeableness far into the background. Restricting, therefore, the influence of agreeableness to somewhat of a more or less superficial and temporary character, we may remark also that persons are often agreeable without possessing any great conversational powers or any astounding erudition. The impression of agreeableness is so entirely relative or subjective, that the main condition towards producing it does not consist in talking either deeply or lightly, nor in any positive rule for alternating humour with seriousness, but simply in adapting our conversation to the tastes, capacities, and particular circumstances or temperament of the persons whom we address. A fashionable young lady, a typical country gentleman, and an average literary man, relish widely-removed divergencies of topic and sentiment. The lady may require drawing out—a process which the *littérateur* is nearly sure to resent. A few old anecdotes of the Joe Miller stamp will not be misplaced with the squire, and may provoke in him much geniality when finer sarcasms have fallen pointless. But hardly any other class of listener will tolerate an anecdotal vein of conversation, which, next to mediocre female argument, is of all speech the most wearisome.

No doubt, when we estimate the agreeableness of the opposite sex, or when they judge of ours, much is pardoned to good looks, and much required of ugliness; but, in our present remarks, we intend to eliminate, as far as possible, such secondary and disturbing forces as the flirtatious element and its kindred infinitesimal phases tend constantly to introduce into our subject. It is, therefore, the safer test of being really agreeable when a woman pleases her own sex and a man his male companions. For certainly, when a half-educated young lady meets an equally ill-informed young gentleman, the easiest, and perhaps most natural, direction for their talk, will be that which verges more or less upon flirtation. For this are sometimes substituted endless personal discussions, sweeping verdicts on common friends or acquaintances, with much frivolous incidental gossip; and there is little doubt that by flirting and gossiping many a spurious reputation for agreeableness has been acquired. Still, we must repeat that the most agreeable people are certainly not the most learned. Our experiences of senior wranglers and double-first-class men would often suggest a directly opposite conclusion. It is, no doubt, somewhat hard to require a heavily weighted mathematician to provide conversational amusement for a young lady fresh from the nursery. The preliminary stage of small-talk is an insuperable obstacle to the mind of many a self-conscious philosopher. Should he get tolerably well through the necessary prelude of platitude and meteorology, the rest of the business is, or ought to be, tolerable plain sailing. With an adequately amiable and moderately intelligent auditor, there is, then, no reason why he should not diverge into any subject he pleases, provided he does not talk too long or too deeply. Every one not absolutely inane and stolid has one subject at least on which he ought to converse pleasantly, and on which he probably will converse more or less instructively. Yet many an agreeable man is least agreeable on his particular *specialité*. As in whist, one should play entirely for one's partner, so, to be agreeable, we should select not those topics on which we flatter ourselves we are especially brilliant, but such as our auditor is likely to be able to return our lead in with advantage to his or her self.

Each of the main principles of agreeableness degenerates, when pushed to excess, into its appropriate phase of boredom. Thus, although it is often highly judicious and perfectly safe to endeavour with tact to detect the particular subject of each new acquaintance and gently draw him out thereon, still, there is no

more aggravated nuisance, in an otherwise pleasantly organized circle, than the assiduous information-monger—we mean one who perpetually button-holds the company in general, or endeavours to pick their brains individually. Some unfortunate lawyer is detained half an hour in a dark corner to answer the most trivial questions on some popular legal fallacy. An equally miserable clergyman has to stand and deliver on the *Essays and Reviews*, and so on *ad infinitum*. A kindred avidity for information culminated with an acquaintance of our own, who once asked in all seriousness an extremely illiterate turnpike-keeper in a rural district, to what extent the invention of steam and the multiplication of railroads had reduced the highway-traffic throughout the kingdom? Need we say, that the man's reply was not satisfactory, nor indeed such as we should care to set down. The fact is, that people invariably dislike being questioned *abruptly* in mixed society, or on a first introduction, about their profession or peculiar occupation—though a blunderer is sure to blurt out some rough query of this kind in his first sentence. Goethe used to grow excessively rude when called upon in public to explain certain passages of Faust or Werther; and many a lesser celebrity has had enough trials to undergo from the impertinent curiosity of a lion-hunting public, impressed with a firm conviction that whoever has done anything noteworthy becomes forthwith, body and soul, public property, to be mauled and worried at their good pleasure.

It may be often convenient, and it is to a certain extent meritorious, to possess a facility for turning on an inexhaustible supply of conversational trivialities, when brought in contact with an utterly stolid circle or companion. Such persons will leave the whole trouble in your hands, merely contributing as their quota monosyllabic replies, or an occasional snubbing denial. To make any way at all against such adverse wind and tide commands some respect, or at least a respectful commiseration. But the test of being really agreeable is, not to have got on adequately well with the very stupidest people and under the most discouraging circumstances—not to have elicited some faint sparks of animation where others have battered in vain—but rather, in an intelligent and competent audience, under various combinations, and on a multiplicity of subjects, to be able, without egotism, to express oneself appropriately and originally, to the profit or at least amusement of our companions. Further, an essential condition towards being agreeable—and on this we principally insist—is the absence or apparent absence of all effort. Our qualifying clause is added, because intense practice and excessive pains have acquired, in some few instances, a power by which persons seem to converse easily and spontaneously under circumstances of the most artificial effort. Of course, immense elaboration is necessary before art can thus assume the aspect of second nature; and, even then, such professed conversationalists are very apt to overdo matters, from a puerile and extreme jealousy of all rivalry, and a consequent utter inability to listen.

Good listeners are supposed to be as indispensable in their way as good talkers; and this, with certain reservations, we are prepared to allow. But the real difficulty is to know when to talk, and when to listen. Silence may be occasionally gold, but is far oftener to be repudiated as the most worthless of dross. Thus, in the extempore charade, which is, after all, only conversation under heightened difficulties, we generally find that either all the performers vociferate at once, or are stricken with dumbness at the same instant. The impromptu stage dialogue becomes tolerably easy if one character has but the patience to wait for another, and then sufficient readiness to strike in when required.

No one can, however, be generally and in the highest sense agreeable, without that delicate tact which enables a man to appreciate the various tones of mind and character with which he is brought in every-day contact. With this he must combine a somewhat over-circumspect caution in avoiding all topics likely to give offence; nor must he be without a half-instinctive or intuitive perception at once enabling him to detect, and as quickly to efface or correct, any disagreeable jar which an inadvertent expression has produced. One very great constituent element in the so-called bore is his pertinacious unwillingness to abandon an unfortunate or distasteful subject. Once fairly started, he must insist on dragging it forward both in and out of season. Another sure recipe for becoming tedious is to take thought beforehand what we shall say—in other words, cram ourselves with certain cut and dried topics and sentiments. This is, however, sure to be detected, and we shall only be called prigs for our pains. Thus, with all except a very consummate orator, those portions of his speech which have been learnt by rote are easily enough recognised. Glaringly incongruous indeed will be the difference, if, to the glibness of his earlier periods, the speaker be rash enough to append a stumbling and extempore conclusion. We are sorry, also, to be obliged to confess it, but we fear the introduction, or rather insinuation, of science into table-talk is, in nine cases out of ten, a bore and a failure. People like to take their science, if at all, separate from their meals and relaxation. It does not generally succeed in fascinating a young lady to explain, *apropos* of ice, what vanilla is, or to illustrate the gravity of icebergs on a smaller scale by floating portions of Wenham Lake ice in a finger-glass. This is merely the old story of the gilded pill, or the powder in raspberry jam, which only gives us a mortal antipathy to both the drug and the palliative.

The wise man is far from despising the honest undisguised commonplaces of all work which he uses a hundred times a day in common with the veriest idiot. The last seldom gets beyond their

convenient reiteration; but with an intelligent person they are valuable scaffoldings under whose assistance he builds up many a most interesting conversation. No one is cold-blooded enough to plunge at once into human nature or aesthetics on meeting a person for the first time. The introductory ice must be broken somehow, and the commonest and roughest implements are most serviceable and best adapted for such work. The most obstinate silence or the dreariest prosing is, however, often infinitely preferable to loquacious egotism and the affectation of a burdensome self-consciousness.

THE BILSTON SAVINGS' BANK FRAUD.

THE Bilston Savings' Bank Fraud is an example of the consequences of the neglect of ordinary precautions, partly through the carelessness of honorary trustees, and partly through placing in a clergyman of reputed piety, activity, and benevolence, a degree of confidence which should be placed in nobody. There is really no difficulty whatever, if trustees intend to do their duty, in so managing a savings' bank that fraud of any magnitude shall be impossible; and if trustees do not intend to do their duty, they have no business to set up such a bank at all. In a well-conducted savings' bank, there is a secretary or actuary who attends at the bank and receives money from or pays it out to depositors. There is a treasurer to whom the secretary is bound to pay over the whole or the greater part of the balance remaining in his hands at the close of the day's proceedings. The treasurer keeps in hand, to answer calls upon the bank, a sum which is fixed by reference to the average amount of its transactions. The surplus cash beyond this sum is remitted to the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt, who give credit for the amount to the trustees of the bank. These trustees, with or without colleagues, constitute a body of managers, who meet at intervals of about a month to examine the accounts and position of the concern, while a sub-committee is appointed to attend more frequently at the bank, and observe the actual conduct of its business. The further precaution has been sometimes adopted of giving public notice to all depositors to bring in their books from time to time for comparison with the bank accounts—this comparison being made by, or under the supervision of, a sub-committee of the managers. An institution thus conducted may be said to be absolutely secure from fraud. Its management inspires confidence; its prosperity is certain; and it confers vast benefit upon the poorer classes of the district where it is established. To secure this good result nothing is required in the managers beyond business habits and the feeling that a trust, although gratuitous, ought, if undertaken, to be diligently performed.

In the case of the Bilston Savings' Bank, almost every one of these precautions had been neglected. The Rev. H. S. Fletcher became secretary of the bank in 1839. Ten years afterwards the same gentleman, continuing secretary, became treasurer. There were originally twelve or more trustees, who held no regular meetings, and, with one or two exceptions, did not even take the trouble to sign their names to accounts which they had not examined. In course of time, the number of trustees had dwindled down to two or three, and during twenty years the conduct of the bank had rested with the reverend secretary and treasurer, who, being also a trustee, seems to have acted, with the occasional assistance, or at least presence, of one single colleague, on behalf of the entire body. Mr. Fletcher, as secretary, received and paid money, and handed over the balance, when the bank closed, to Mr. Fletcher as treasurer, who, when money had accumulated, took directions as to the investment of it from Mr. Fletcher, with or without a colleague, as constituting the body of trustees. It appears that Mr. Fletcher has spent almost all his ministerial life at Bilston. He came there as incumbent of a district church in 1830. He was noted for his active kindness to the poor during the prevalence of cholera in 1832. He was elected by the inhabitants to a more valuable incumbency in 1838. He has been known throughout his life at Bilston as diligent, charitable, and of frugal habits. It was supposed that he lived considerably within his stipend of 700*l.* a year. He was universally respected; he was a magistrate; and the whole management of the Savings' Bank was allowed to fall, without a suspicion of insecurity, into the hands of this indefatigable clergyman, who was ready to undergo labour for which indolent laymen felt disinclined. At last, the fact that Mr. Fletcher constituted in his single person the entire administrative and controlling machinery of the Bilston Savings' Bank became too notorious to be any longer disregarded. Some steps were taken towards returning to a sounder system, and it was immediately discovered that Mr. Fletcher had abused the confidence thus rashly and culpably reposed in him. It appeared from the investigations of the new secretary, that the weekly returns, which are made to the National Debt Office, had been falsified. The amount of receipts had been understated, and the amount of payments had been overstated, so as to give to the maker of the returns the opportunity of retaining, without danger of detection, a portion of the money which had come into his hands. The annual return which is also made to the National Debt Office was, of course, falsified to correspond with the results obtainable from the false weekly returns made to the same office. In this way, the reverend factotum of the bank had contrived to keep in his own hands, or under his own care, nearly 9000*l.* of the money of the depositors. The greater part of this sum, however, had been invested by him in good securities, which will realize enough to pay a dividend of 1*3s.* 4*d.* in the pound to the depositors. The loss, therefore, if we rightly understand the statement of the evidence on the trial, is somewhere about 3000*l.*, sub-

ject, of course, to be reduced by the amount of any property of the defaulter which may be available for the benefit of those who have suffered by his fraudulent abuse of trust.

On the recent trial of this clerical imitator of practices which have become unhappily familiar in the commercial world, his substantial guilt was not denied. But the question whether his offence is liable to be punished as a legal crime has been reserved by the judge who tried him for the consideration of a court of law. It will be readily perceived that the case is different from the ordinary one of a bank clerk who appropriates to his own use money which comes into his hands in the course of business. It is the duty of such a clerk to account to his employers, or to those whom they may depute to represent them; but the only duty of the reverend defendant, as secretary of the bank, had been to account to himself, as treasurer, and it could not be assumed that he had not done this. Looking next to the defendant's duty as treasurer of the bank, it appeared to be to account to the trustees, and pay over the balance in his hands to them, when they should call upon him to do so, but not otherwise. Now the only trustee who had taken more than a formal part in the management had been the defendant, and in truth the only acts of the body of trustees had been his acts; so that it was not to be expected that that body, being practically identical with the treasurer, would have put the treasurer in the wrong by calling upon him to pay over moneys which he had misapplied. Therefore, in the characters of secretary and treasurer, the defendant seemed to be beyond the range of the criminal law, and the only chance of a successful prosecution lay in looking at him in his capacity of trustee. It is but a few years ago that public attention was very much directed to the immunity from punishment of frauds bearing a general resemblance to this of the Bilston Savings' Bank, and an Act, called the Fraudulent Trustees Act, was passed by Parliament to remedy this scandalous defect of the criminal law. This Act provides that if any person, being a trustee of any property for the benefit, either wholly or partially, of some other person, or for any public or charitable purpose, shall fraudulently appropriate the same to his own use, he shall be guilty of a misdemeanour. It is further enacted, by one of those explanatory clauses in which the Legislature so much delights, that the word "trustee" shall mean a trustee on some express trust created by some deed, will, or instrument in writing. The principal difficulty felt by the judge who tried the Bilston case arose upon these explanatory words. It may be true that the defendant, as sole acting trustee of the savings' bank, did fraudulently misappropriate money which came into his hands as such trustee; but was the trust which he thus abused a trust created by any instrument in writing? The only means of satisfying this requisition of the Act is by having recourse to the written returns made to the National Debt Office by the defendant as trustee. It would seem that such returns constitute rather the admission than the creation of a trust; and it is obvious that an ordinary person speaking of a deed, will, or other similar instrument, would not contemplate that his meaning could be extended to the case of a bank return which the person sought to be charged had signed as trustee.

This, as well as other questions of great nicety, will have to be decided after ingenious argument by the judges, to whom their consideration has been reserved. If the law should ultimately fail to reach this culprit, the result will not be so much to be regretted as in other cases of the like kind, because it is scarcely possible that a conviction for a misdemeanour can aggravate the punishment which the defendant is already suffering from the public exposure of his abuse of a trust confided to him on account of the reputation which he enjoyed as a faithful minister of the gospel. He, the tried and trusted friend of the poor, has robbed the poor of their slender savings. He, who had so kindly and constantly visited the sick, has deprived the sick of the means on which they had relied for support in the hour of their greatest need. Even if he escapes from legal punishment, the income of his living will be sequestered to make good the money which he has spent or lost; and thus the poor of Bilston will be deprived of the benefit of the residence among them of a clergyman of charitable disposition and sufficient pecuniary means to do that which many other clergymen who minister in crowded towns can only wish they could do. Of all the many sad examples of a good character being given to a defendant at the bar of a criminal court, this perhaps is the most deplorable. Of all the striking proofs which the records of criminal trials furnish of the strength of the temptation which arises out of unchecked control over the money of other persons, this, perhaps, is the most impressive. A more melancholy instance of the weakness of the heart of man to resist evil, even amid the highest influences for good, was never disclosed for the warning of mankind. The public censure of this defaulting clergyman may be left to the criminal law, with the assurance that, whatever be its sentence, a more searching inward punishment has been already inflicted by his own conscience. The eloquence and subtlety of his counsel may save his body from imprisonment, but cannot restore his soul to peace. The voice of public reprobation will scarcely heighten the severity of his mental suffering, but it may be that that voice will not be vainly raised in condemnation of those negligent associates who, by their criminal disregard of a plain duty, have made the Bilston Savings' Bank a curse instead of a blessing to the town in which they helped to found it. They have furnished the opportunity by which disgrace has come upon a pastor, and want, or even ruin, upon his flock. Benevolence which dislikes trouble is almost as mischievous as positive malignity. If

the poor are to be really helped, the rich who undertake to help them must bestow upon the business which they pretend to manage the same diligence which they think requisite for their own. It needed but the occasional exercise, for a moderate time, of those commercial faculties which the trustees of a savings' bank are usually selected as possessing, and all this scandal to the Church, and suffering to its members, would have been prevented. Will there never be an end to the series of disasters which have arisen from men of influential position giving their names to sanction undertakings to which they deny the benefit of their time and thought? If it were not that the attempt to punish fraudulent trustees is in some danger of proving a considerable failure, one might be ready to suggest that the conduct of negligent trustees deserved the animadversion of the Legislature.

THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

ONCE more the Embankment of the Thames has been the subject of a Parliamentary discussion, and it may be hoped that the last preliminary stage is reached, and that, before the close of the present year, the works will be in full operation. The necessity for this great work had been so conclusively settled by one authority after another, that there was little place for opposition; but it is worthy of note, as a fresh illustration of the peculiar quality of the Metropolitan Member, that the representatives of the metropolis did their best to cavil at the Ministerial Bill. Mr. Ayrton and Sir J. Shelley could find nothing more appropriate to say than that the form of proceeding was mistaken—a view in which the Speaker did not concur. Mr. Cox thought a new thoroughfare to the Mansion House utterly useless; and Mr. Williams, right for once in substance, though as wrong as he could be in the occasion of his remarks, could see nothing in the Bill but the creation of a nuisance to his constituents on the southern shore of the Thames. Still, there is scarcely a possibility of any real opposition to the scheme. The designs have been approved by a Commission of admitted competency, and, what is more material, the funds have been provided by an Act of last session. This is so far a cheering prospect; but those who fancy that the grand ideas of Sir Christopher Wren are at last to become realities, or even that the fruitless labour of Sir F. Trench is to be followed after forty years by the realisation of his project, must abate a little of their satisfaction when they learn how small a scheme it is which Mr. Cowper now proposes to carry out.

The Embankment of the Thames means, to an ordinary understanding, that the river is to be enclosed on both shores by a line of quays from one end of London to the other, and that the filthy mud banks are to exist no longer. If the works were to stop at London Bridge, as the extreme east end of the embankment, we should require for this purpose some eight miles of quay walls. Instead of this we are promised, in return for ten more years of the coal tax, an embankment on one side only of the river, from Westminster to Blackfriars Bridge. This is not a quarter of the whole undertaking, and in value it is much less than a quarter, for, however grateful a line of splendid quays may be to the eye, the nuisance of a corrupted stream will long prevent the healthy recreation which Mr. Cowper poetically dwelt upon as one of the great benefits which London would derive from the work. To walk along a spacious river-side road, with magnificent buildings on one side and pestiferous shoals on the other, can scarcely be called healthy recreation; and Mr. Williams's assertion cannot be gainsaid, that the partial scheme which is proposed will actually increase the nuisances to which the southern population are exposed. If the measure now introduced were not generally understood to be merely the first step towards a complete embankment, it would be difficult to feel any enthusiasm in its favour; but it is so certain that when one shore has been transformed the other cannot be left as it is, that we are justified in welcoming Mr. Cowper's Bill as a practical settlement of the whole question. The plea for postponing the consideration of the claims of the South side was good enough as a Parliamentary bar to discussion, though nothing can be much more idle than for a Committee to waste its time in concocting a blue book to prove that what is good for Whitehall must be equally good for Lambeth. The sole question is, not what ought to be done, but how the ways and means are to be provided. The most sanguine do not expect much surplus out of the coal tax, after completing the first instalment of the work; and it is perhaps judicious to advance by degrees towards an expenditure so formidable as that which must eventually be incurred.

It is not only in the rather hard treatment of the southern shore that the pecuniary difficulty has made itself felt. The river between Blackfriars and London Bridges stands quite as much in need of a quay as the more favoured reach from Blackfriars to Westminster. The great value of the commercial property which would be disturbed, and the still greater compensation which would be demanded by the City wharf-owners, are the only considerations which can be urged in defence of the smallness of the present plan. Mr. Cowper claimed the merit of superior economy, as well as excellence, for his plan—or rather, the plan of the Commission—over the various projects which had been suggested for combining an embankment with the maintenance of existing wharves; but though a solid wall bounding the shore itself is unquestionably superior to any amphibious roadway which would admit the passage of barges through or beneath it, it is a serious drawback, that in order to secure this advantage the work has to be restricted to the short distance between the Houses of Parliament and the western limits of the City. However, when the first real

step is being taken to give effect to a discussion which, as Mr. Cowper says, has been going on for 200 years, it is not well to be too fastidious or to complain of the smallness of the unexpected gift. The rest will follow in due course. In architectural matters, we have always raised our voice against the substitution of petty designs of such a character as to preclude the future execution of more comprehensive plans. But this is not the case of the proposed embankment. It is not a small substitute for a large work, but an essential part of the complete design. It is almost of necessity that large undertakings which promise no immediate returns should be carried out by degrees; and the most jealous sticklers for perfection in the works which may be commenced for the adornment and improvement of our capital must allow that a partial completion of what, we hope, will one day be a magnificent quay from end to end of London, is, so far as it goes, an unmixed good. We may, perhaps, have to look to a far distant future for the entire realisation of the idea on which Mr. Cowper's Bill is based; but every step brings us nearer to the end, which will no doubt be reached at last. Unfortunately, there is not at present the same urgent necessity connected with the drainage works for completing the Southern embankment which has brought matters to a crisis with respect to the North bank; but unless we are much mistaken, the necessity will create itself as soon as the quay from Westminster to Blackfriars is completed. In the mischief which is predicted to the navigation of the river and to the property of the wharfingers whose premises deform the shore, we have, if the worst comes to the worst, a tolerably safe guarantee for the ultimate accomplishment of all that is required. The organization by which it has been attempted, happily in vain, to baffle the project will then be used for the more wholesome object of securing to both sides of the river the benefits which the more important bank will reap from the first portions of the work; and we may expect to see wharfingers and architects in happy accord for the sake of pressing on a metropolitan improvement which their differences have so long retarded.

The contest which arose in the autumn as to the executive body to which the work should be entrusted has, it seems, ended in an unconditional surrender on the part of the Government to the claims of the elective Board of Works. It was scarcely possible to avoid this conclusion. The embankment and the drainage undertakings are so mixed up together that they could not well have been executed by distinct and perhaps hostile Boards. The appointment of an independent Embankment Commission would have been tantamount to an unqualified condemnation of the policy which committed a far more difficult enterprise to Mr. Thwaites and his colleagues. It would have needed a strong case of utter failure to be made out against the Metropolitan Board; and notwithstanding the foolish things they have occasionally done, and the more foolish things they have frequently said, it is not fair or true to say that they have proved themselves altogether incompetent. The great drainage work is going on steadily, if not as rapidly as some had hoped; and, heavy as the taxation of our local Parliament is, the experience of former Commissions does not encourage the belief that a body of this kind would be much more efficient or much less costly. We have got our Local Board for the metropolis, such as it is, and the wise course is clearly to make the best of it. Either from the prudence of its members or the judicious silence of the press, the occasions on which the Central Vestry makes itself publicly ridiculous are becoming much less frequent; and it is only common charity to assume that, by the conduct of important matters on a very large scale, the business aptitudes of the Board have somewhat improved since their first crude efforts at asserting the dignity of their position. Let them do good work, and their services will, in the end, be gratefully acknowledged—more readily perhaps when they shall have surface architecture to appeal to as evidence of their efficiency, instead of the subterranean labours which can neither be seen nor appreciated until their whole undertaking shall have been completed, and the sufficiency of the work been tested by results.

THE THEATRES.

WE have arrived at that distance from Christmas when managers are almost impelled by the force of circumstances towards a simultaneous production of novelties. Even the favourite pantomime or burlesque of the season suffers a diminution of attraction from an advance into March, and the theatrical speculator must devise some new whet to sharpen public appetite, especially if the moon decrees that, as in the present year, we are to have a late Easter. The only exception to the general rule is the Lyceum, where *Peep o' Day* and the panorama of the Lakes of Killarney seem popular beyond capability of change. Food for meditation may be supplied by the fact, that, within the last year or two, the greatest successes have been attained with pieces founded on Irish subjects, taken from the stormiest period of Milesian history. We are evidently fond of rebels when the rebellion is fairly over. Many were the novelists, dramatists, poets, painters and vocalists, who made a good thing out of the Highlanders of the '45, and now the Whiteboy of '98 seems the safest guide to large profits and quick returns.

On the night of his benefit, Mr. Charles Kean gave a new interest to his Drury Lane engagement, by playing the character of *Othello*. A sufficient number of years had elapsed since his last performance of the character to make people curious about the peculiarities of his interpretation. He played with a youthful fire and vigour that completely took his audience by surprise, manifesting, perhaps, a

determination to show that, in spite of adverse theories, the *Othello* of tradition is at any rate worth something. And there is no doubt that the principle on which he represents the Moor is one that will survive all innovations. The *Othello* who is deeply loving, quickly jealous, strong in his rage, tearful in his grief, eloquent in his speeches, marked in his gestures, is the being with whom the theatrical public sympathizes, and such is the *Othello* of Mr. Charles Kean. Mr. Fechter's preparations for the display of violent passion were always more striking than the display itself, and we often felt that he had indeed conducted us up a very skillfully constructed ladder, but that, when we were on the top of it, the view was by no means striking. On the other hand, it is when he has reached the very apex of his wrath that Mr. Charles Kean is grandest, and when you hear him shout for "blood! blood! blood!" there is no doubt that the Moor earnestly desires what he demands. The *Othello* who has to be slowly reasoned into his suspicions will never be a popular favourite, nor will more credit be given to his description of himself, "that he is not easily jealous," than is given to the thousand persons who directly tell us that they are the best fellows in the world. Self-knowledge is a rare gift, but still rarer are the persons who, having possessed themselves of the boon, are anxious to employ it for the benefit of their acquaintances. Altogether, Mr. Charles Kean's *Othello* is a fine, earnest, thorough-going impersonation, the result of careful study, while it apparently proceeds from the inspiration of the moment.

Mr. Sothorn, by his inimitable portraiture of *Lord Dundreary*, still causes roars of laughter at the Haymarket, introducing new jokes when the old have become somewhat stale. The circumstance that the principal character of the piece is wholly unconnected with the plot can scarcely be regarded as a proof of constructive skill; but in the case of *Lord Dundreary* it is remarkably advantageous, for Mr. Sothorn has full liberty to riot in all his whims and oddities, without fear of jostling against the figures who sustain the serious interest. The letter from "Brother Sam" undergoes as many changes as the late Mr. Albert Smith's song of "Galignani's Messenger," and one scarcely knows whether most to admire the artist's faculty of inventing exquisitely droll absurdities, or his manner of propounding them. It is no objection to *Lord Dundreary* that he utters unmitigated nonsense, and that he is without prototype in the world of actualities. Mr. Sothorn intends to present a purely fantastic creature, whose proceedings are no more to be judged by the results of our own experience than the ability of Puck to put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes.

As a serious relief to the drolleries of the lispng lord, we have an exceedingly meritorious little drama by Mr. Westland Marston, called *The Wife's Portrait*. The wholesome truth that a man and his wife may be sincerely attached to each other, although the surface of domestic life is ruffled by little tiffs a trifle more frequently than is consistent with perfect happiness, is illustrated by the case of an interesting couple who seem approaching fast towards a state of mutual hatred, until the despair of the wife, caused by the too hasty belief that the husband has been killed by an accident, breaks through the stratum of discontent, and reveals an unfathomable depth of affection. The collision, too, is so contrived that two types of character, common enough at the present day, are strikingly exhibited. The husband is a poet who writes what nobody will read, and is shocked at the prosaic dissatisfaction of the wife, who would rather see him produce something likely to increase his very limited income, and provide more effectually for his little boy and girl. Thus, practical sense, sharpened by maternal solicitude, is opposed to a selfish vanity that puts on the mask of sublime idealism. There is another antagonism between this same poetical husband and his friend—a practical literary man who writes a book on any popular subject that may turn up, and renders the dreamer's tragedy acceptable by seasoning it with a few strong incidents in the modern taste. As this practical man embodies the wisdom of the tale, we may assume that the piece is intended by the author as a sort of recantation of his own literary creed in former days. Nobody ever showed greater perseverance than Mr. Westland Marston in adhering to the form of drama least in accordance with the taste of modern playgoers, or seemed less amenable to the teachings of experience. He now comes forward as the writer of a domestic sketch, which not only appeals to present sympathies, but is pointed with a moral against ideal aspirations.

At the Adelphi, a drama entitled *The Life of an Actress* has been produced, with the two objects of showing the author, Mr. Boucicault, as an actor of those old Frenchmen, whom we now generally associate with Mr. Alfred Wigan, and of thrilling the audience with strong melodramatic incidents. The former of these objects has been attained more completely than the latter. Mr. Boucicault, by adding the very highly finished portrait of a Frenchman to his previous delineations of Irish and American humour, has proved himself an actor capable of sustaining himself on his histrionic talents alone, without relying, as at present, on the two capacities of actor and author. The intrinsic good nature and irritability of the old foreigner, his consummate ability in performing those household duties which are ordinarily entrusted to French servants, his readiness to employ a few harmless frauds when he wishes to puff into celebrity an adopted daughter whom he brings out upon the stage, his nervous anxiety when the great evening of her trial arrives, his fever of delight when her success is pronounced by plaudits and bouquets, are represented with such liveliness, and also with such accuracy, that Mr. Boucicault's position as an artist of most varied powers is settled beyond the reach of controversy. But the plot of the piece is insufficient for five acts, and when the Frenchman has been thoroughly developed in the first three, the

remaining two seem like a superfluous appendix. The dramatic sketch of character has been suddenly changed into ordinary melodrama, and there is a difficulty in responding to the new demand for sympathy.

M. Victor Sardou's last new comedy, *Nos Intimes*, has been very cleverly turned into English by Mr. Horace Wigan, who has done his best to make it void of offence. Still, the subject struggles a little against his softening treatment, and though the viciously-inclined lady of the French play is changed to a model of chastity in the English version, we cannot help observing in the immaculate being an amount of contrition and remorse which would naturally be attributed to guilt. There is always this difficulty when we endeavour to transplant to English soil a subject that is thoroughly French, and at the same time to retain the original course of action,—that certain effects will constantly appear, when we fancy that we have destroyed their causes. The moral object of *Nos Intimes* is, we need scarcely observe, to point out the difference between true and false friendship, and the English title, *Friends or Foes*, is happily chosen. Nevertheless, one can scarcely help being amused by M. Sardou's notion of a perfect Pylades, embodied as he is in the person of the wise medical man, who is the intimate friend of the credulous husband while he detects the dangers of the sorely-tempted lady. So anxious is this model personage that the peace of his beloved friend's mind should not be disturbed, that he almost makes himself the accomplice of the would-be seducer of his wife. The style in which the piece is performed at the St. James's Theatre is highly creditable to the new management, for the *dramatis personee* are unusually numerous, and all of them are well sustained, while the scenery is beautiful.

The recovery of Mr. Robson of the Olympic seems to be complete, and he has lately shown his old excellence in the character of one of those half-comical, half-pathetic, elderly gentlemen whom Heaven has blessed with children on purpose that their peculiarities may be drawn out. At present, he is an old "property man," solicitous for the honour of his daughter, *coryphée* in the ballet, and the piece in which he appears is called *A Fairy's Father*. The other chief of the Olympic company is at present Miss Amy Sedgwick, who, as the high-born dressmaker, gives great effect to an abridged version of MM. Scribe and Legouvé's *Doigts de Fée*, which has been brought out with much splendour as *The World of Fashion*.

At the Strand Theatre, Mr. Rogers, in a piece called *Old Phil's Birthday*, has again played with success a distressed parent of the kind we have just mentioned in connexion with Mr. Robson. The little company is as popular as ever, and is at present devoted more to farce and comedy than to burlesque.

REVIEWS.

EARL STANHOPE'S LIFE OF PITT.*

THESE two volumes conclude the work. Pitt continues to be fortunate in his biographer. It is a most agreeable part of Lord Stanhope's writings that they are those of a perfect gentleman. Anything that comes from his pen is full of true high-breeding, delicacy of sentiment, honourable candour and courtesy towards opponents, and scrupulous regard for truth. In this last respect, especially, he well sustains the dignity of the historian's calling at a time when the general sense of historical veracity is being debauched by philosophies and fancies of every sort. There are, indeed, certain political principles of a high monarchical and aristocratic kind to which he adheres with unquestioning devotion, and by the light of which he himself forms his judgment of men and events. But while he renders to these principles the homage of his own constant allegiance, he does not immolate to them inconvenient facts.

The part of the biography now before us opens with a curious and touching incident. In the height of his power and renown, Pitt fell deeply in love with the Hon. Eleanor Eden, the eldest daughter of Lord Auckland. The match would have been a suitable one in every respect. The attachment was visible, and rumours of an approaching marriage were rife. It was prevented by the state of Pitt's finances. He was compelled to break off his intercourse with the lady, and to write to Lord Auckland, avowing in the warmest terms the strength of his affection for Miss Eden, but stating that, having no means of making a provision for her, he could not presume to make her an offer of marriage. Lord Auckland acquiesced—he appears to have been a man who would only too cordially acquiesce—in this explanation. Thus the political leader of the wealthiest aristocracy in the world was precluded from marrying one of its daughters by his own poverty. "There were yet two further letters as to the manner in which the notes of congratulation which had begun to arrive at Beckenham might best be answered. Pitt desired that the blame, if any, should be borne wholly by himself." This Lord Stanhope believes to be the only love passage in the life of Pitt.

The debts which prevented Pitt from gratifying his affections amounted already to 30,000*l.*, and they afterwards rose to 40,000*l.* He was a single man, living alone, without any vicious or extravagant habits, and with an income, taking his salary as Minister and his Wardenship of the Cinque Ports together, of nearly 10,000*l.* a year. How, then, came he to be so desperately

embarrassed? The solution of the mystery seems to lie simply in the rogues of servants, who pillaged him without mercy or shame. His household bills, when examined for him by Lord Carrington, were found to be frightful. The waste of the servants' hall "was almost fabulous." "The quantity of butchers' meat charged in the bills was nine hundredweight a week. The consumption of poultry, fish, and tea was in proportion. The charge for the servants in wages, board wages, liveries, and bills at Holwood and in London exceeded 2300*l.* a year." Pitt might not have been able to look over his own household bills, but he might surely have found somebody to do it for him. The silly notion that it was to his credit to neglect his own affairs and let them get into confusion while he was giving his mind to those of the nation, is justly scouted by Lord Stanhope, as it was by Lord Macaulay. A crisis at length arrived, an execution was imminent, and friends were obliged to interfere. A vote of public money was proposed, but declined by Pitt on the ground that he had not yet carried the nation through the war. The merchants of London came forward with 100,000*l.*, but this was also declined, as was a very generous offer from the King. Ultimately, Pitt was induced to accept the assistance of private friends. But still debts to the amount of 40,000*l.* were left to be paid by Parliament after his death. Bishop Tomline, who had subscribed to the private fund, wished Parliament to include that among the debts to be paid by the nation. But Wilberforce put the veto of a man of honour on the project of the Bishop.

These volumes contain the most important and best-known, though few except very high Tories would think the brightest or happiest, part of Pitt's career. The war is going on, and we soon come upon its most perilous crisis—the French invasion of Ireland and the mutiny at the Nore. If ever a nation was saved by the accidents of weather, England was at that moment; for if Hoche could have effected his landing in Bantry Bay, or if De Winter could have got out of the Texel while our fleet was in a state of mutiny, it is idle to doubt that fearful disasters must have ensued. That the fleet should have mutinied, will not be thought very wonderful when we learn what grounds of complaint the seamen had. There had been no increase of their pay or of the Greenwich pensions since the reign of Charles II., in spite of an increase in the price of necessities which Lord Stanhope probably puts rather low at 30 per cent. Besides this, they were very ill-treated in the matter of prize money, and tyrannized over by some of the admirals and captains. But why was all this not looked into by the Government? Is it no blot on Pitt's war administration?

With regard to the Irish Rebellion, Lord Stanhope does not much alter our opinion of Pitt's conduct. That he could in the slightest degree approve of the atrocities committed by the Orange yeomanry—of their floggings, picketings, pitch-cappings, half-hangings, and free-quarterings—was not to be imagined. His appointment of Lord Cornwallis as Lord Lieutenant was a sufficient proof that he wished clemency to prevail. But we are not convinced that he did enough to make it prevail, and to visit with condign punishment those who carried on the Orange reign of terror. We are told that the yeomanry "could not be restrained." But this seems rather a curious apology for a Government which was crusading against the anarchy and terrorism of the French Revolution. We cannot agree with Lord Stanhope that "no happier result would have ensued" if the Government had not disregarded Lord Moira's timely plea for humanity and tranquilizing concession. Nor can we agree with him that the excesses of the dominant Orangemen were "palliated" by the excesses of Roman Catholics, maddened by ages of tyranny and insult.

Infinite credit is of course due to Pitt for his wisdom and resolution in passing the Union. But he was enabled to pass it by holding out hopes of emancipation to the Catholics; and those hopes he, like a man of honour, felt himself called upon to make good. Lord Stanhope makes it clear that it was the King's refusal to entertain the question of Catholic emancipation, and not the desire to devolve the inglorious task of making peace on Addington, that led to Pitt's resignation. But, strangely enough, hardly had he resigned, when, moved by the illness into which George III. had been thrown, partly by this agitating subject, he voluntarily pledged himself never again to moot the Catholic question during the King's reign. Thus Pitt was out of office, and Addington was in without any good reason, and a most awkward and absurd state of things necessarily ensued. Pitt behaved quite honourably, but he wished to be in again, and other people wished him to be in; and Addington behaved quite honourably, but he did not by any means wish to go out. Everything was for a long time at sixes and sevens, and everybody was at cross purposes. "I am out of spirits," writes Mr. Wilberforce in his Diary, "and doubtful about the path of duty in these political battles. I cannot help regretting that Addington's temperance and conciliation should not be connected with more vigour. Lord, direct me right, and let me preserve an easy mind, resigned to thee and fixed on thy favour!" Of course, in this imbroglio the intriguers were not inactive. Eldon was at work; Loughborough was at work; Canning was at work. Eldon is, we think, partly relieved by Lord Stanhope of the obloquy which had attached to him for his conduct in this matter, since it seems he first approached Pitt with Addington's knowledge; yet we cannot entirely agree with George III. when he says in a letter to "his excellent Lord Chancellor" that "the uprightness of Lord Eldon's mind and his attachment to the King have borne him with credit and honour, and (what the King knows will not be without its due weight) with the approbation of his Sovereign, through an unpleasant labyrinth."

* *Life of the Right Hon. William Pitt.* By Earl Stanhope, Author of the "History of England from the Peace of Utrecht," and Corresponding Member of the Institute of France. (Vols. 3 and 4.)

Attachment to the King, it must be observed, is a motive on which Lord Stanhope thinks it not only lawful, but a matter of religious duty, for a politician to act to a most formidable extent. The prompt consideration of the Catholic claims was a matter not only of justice and (considering how the Union had been carried) of common honesty towards the Catholics, but one which intimately concerned the safety of the nation, constantly threatened as it was on the side of Ireland. Yet the King's frantic antipathy to the measure seems to Lord Stanhope a perfectly sufficient reason for putting it aside. "When it became manifest that the proposal of the Roman Catholic claims had not only wrung the mind of the aged King with anguish, but altogether obscured and overthrown it, the duty of a statesman, even if untouched by personal considerations, and acting solely on public grounds, was then to refrain from any such proposal during the remainder of his Majesty's reign." Lord Stanhope even thinks that "loyal Roman Catholics themselves could not expect, could not even desire, their claims to be, under such circumstances, urged." The doctrine that it is expedient that one man should die for the people has been heard, though not from auspicious lips. But we have seldom seen so plainly avowed the doctrine that it is expedient that the people should die for one man. Lord Stanhope seems, in like manner, to consider Pitt quite justified in submitting to the King's "determination" to appoint his favourite son, the Duke of York, commander of the expedition to Holland, to the ruin of that expedition and the sacrifice of the national honour as well as of the soldiers' lives. The fact is, Mr. Pitt came into power himself in the first instance as the King's personal favourite and nominee, against the principles of the Constitution, and his position remained, in this respect, a false one to the end of his career.

Pitt was killed by Austerlitz. Not that it crushed the firmness of his mind; but the shock it gave him was sufficient to throw in a severe fit of gout which was hanging about him at the time. His dying ejaculation to his country has long been reckoned by historical sceptics among the "false pearls" of history. But scepticism is now rebuked, and faith is aided. Lord Stanhope has brought forward an actual witness of the deathbed scene in the person of his own uncle, and that witness states that the last words, spoken in a voice clearer than before, and in a tone not to be forgotten, were, "Oh, my country! how I love my country!"

NOTES FROM PAST LIFE.*

IT is surprising that this volume should be so readable and so interesting as it is; for it chiefly consists of the letters of a good young man, and somehow that is not a sort of composition that fascinates the general public. But a combination of good points makes this correspondence an exception. In the first place, the scissors have been freely applied. We have not too much of the letters or too many of them. In the next place, the letters from Mr. Trench's mother to her son, as well as the effort which his letters attest to please and satisfy her, reveal a lady of a very high and refined character, and who knew how to draw out the best qualities in those whom she loved. Mr. Trench also, although a good young man—although there is not one sentiment or opinion or act recorded in these pages which could expose him to blame, or even criticism—was not a young prig or a pedant. He could observe keenly, and behave himself discreetly, and feel tenderly. But, above all, the things of which he speaks have some interest at this day to people in a small circle, if not in a very large one. They describe Harrow as it was forty years ago, and Oxford as it was when Coplestone was the great man of the place, and Oriel the first of its Colleges; and they bear witness to the first efforts of liberal and enthusiastic young Irish landlords to win over the wild race among whom they were condemned to live, and to reclaim them by acts of practical benevolence, and by kind and conciliatory treatment. Mr. Trench has, we think, judged wisely in giving to the public what he tells us was first printed only for a few friends to read. There is no revelation of anything that delicacy would wish to veil, and he has been able, by publishing these letters, to give public schoolmen and Oxford men a picture of the past which they will glance at with pleasure.

Such a work does not call for much criticism. As the general character of the book is one of good taste, there is nothing to be said in praise or dispraise of its style or its views. It would be absurd to pass a judgment on the manner in which a boy wrote in the days of George the Fourth. All we have to do is to follow the thread which the letters afford us, and to notice why and where they interest us. They begin when Mr. Trench was little Francis, and had just gone to Harrow, and his mother thought it natural to commence a letter by saying that "the visible improvement in your handwriting gives me great pleasure." She goes on, however, to make observations of a wider application, and more particularly cautions him against that most foolish of all mistakes in letter-writing—the fearing to write about oneself. "Egotism," she remarks, "is as proper and satisfactory to one's parents and one's dearest friends as it is impertinent and misplaced with strangers." On another occasion, she reproves him for forgetting to enclose in a letter some verses which his letter stated would be enclosed. "Avoid these little marks of absence of mind; how would Lord Castlereagh look if you were a diplomatist, and you said, 'I have the honour of en-

closing for his Majesty's perusal an interesting document relative to Swedish affairs, and lo! no document was there?'" A boy who was goaded into tidiness by such high thoughts as the embarrassment his lazy habits might hereafter cause to his Sovereign and the Foreign Secretary, was certain to obey if he was not a stock or stone. And Master Francis did obey, and did his best. Fortunately, his mother could not only urge him to enclose verses in the dead languages, but could understand them when they came to hand, and thus the mother and boy had more interest in the work of the latter than can usually be the case. So the talk is greatly about such proflusions of the schoolboy mind. "There will be three prize-poems to recite next speech-day," we read in a letter dated 1821—"two by a boy named Isaac Williams, of great poetical talents, and one by Dallas, in long verse, or hexameters, a more scholarlike definition." And in 1822 the young verse-maker was sufficiently advanced to try his own chance. "Last night I finished my verses on printing. There are eighteen poems sent for approbation, at least, so I conjecture—seven on printing, five on the distress in Ireland, and six on Modern Greece." "It is advantageous," continues the young moralist, "to have tried once; it brings you into training for future competition, &c. and the exercise itself is improving during the time the other regular ones are excused for speech-day, &c." We hope Mr. Trench has retained in later life the wise habit of sinking the platitudes, to which he feels himself to be drawn, under a convenient &c. It would shorten half the books that are written if this capital device were generally imitated. At last, in 1823, Mrs. Trench received a letter that must have made her very happy, and our readers shall have an opportunity of imagining her pleasure. Perhaps the Under-Secretary for India may at this distance of time be very glad that his *Alcaics on Spain* were such as to permit the letter to be written, and the mother's heart to rejoice:—

I have now to offer you a strong inducement for coming down next speech-day. Butler has just given out the prize-poems, and I am fortunate enough to have got the only one I tried for, viz. the *Alcaics on Spain*. I thought it as well to try, but neither I nor any one else thought I had the most remote chance; and with very good reason, as, among many others, Merivale, the boy who got two prize-poems last year (one of which was *Alcaics*), tried for them this time also, and they were very much admired by the boys. I can't conceive why Butler preferred mine, but, as you may suppose, I am much gratified by this unexpected success. You know the form of speaking them; and I shall have a handsome book given me. Merivale got the Greek, and a boy in our house, named Shepherd, the long verses upon Lazarus. One is the head, the other the third boy in the school. I am truly glad to be able to send you this account, which will please you so much. Mrs. Leith was much delighted when she was told that two boys in her house had got prizes, and expressed her satisfaction that we could do something in this way, besides beating the school at cricket, as we did not long ago. (P. 35.)

In 1824, Mr. Trench went to Oxford, "where, after passing through many examinations, which were chiefly in Homer and Livy, I was happy to hear Coplestone say, 'You are now a member of Oriel.'" At first sight, however, Oxford did not seem lively. "The non-reading men complain sadly of the want of amusement at Oxford. Pigeon-shooting is just now in much fashion." In his second term, he was "proctorized" for the first time, and happy is the man who can bear to describe that process to his mother. As it happened, the offence was certainly a small one. Mr. Trench's shoe was too tight, and so he limped, which made the rapid intellect of the proctor conclude he must be drunk. He soon began to interest himself in all the intellectual pleasures of the place, and among others in the infant debating society which has now expanded into the "Union," then meeting in private rooms, but now assembling in a gorgeous building adorned with such an apparel of fading mediæval frescoes as modern ingenuity could twist round a series of curiously traced windows. This is Mr. Trench's account of the first infancy of the "Union":—

We had a meeting of the debating society the night before last at Acheson's fine rooms, in one of the towers of Christ Church, but it was a poor affair. The subject was grand and comprehensive enough—perhaps too much so—Liberty. It is almost as bad to have too much as too little for debate, or, indeed, I think, for composition of any kind. You see my ready excuse for my fellow-collegians. The dons are much to blame for discouraging us in every way, and compelling us to wander here and there for meetings, instead of allowing us any fixed abode, which we might easily obtain. Our best speakers are Lord Mohun, Wortley, and Samuel Wilberforce. An opponent imitated and parodied the flowing style of the last-mentioned orator, some nights ago, in a very entertaining, but not very courteous, way. This was going a little too far, even for the liberty of debate. All the family of Wilberforces inherit from their father the utmost facility of speech. It is hard work enough for some of us to express ourselves, even when we may have something to say, but with them it is quite otherwise. The words come out as it were naturally in their "sine intervallis locutio." (P. 73.)

Mr. Trench worked hard at his book and his debates, and composed a prize poem on Trajan's pillar which was not successful, but which he prints for our benefit. There appears, so far as we can judge, to be no reason why it either should or should have not won a prize at Oxford. He also at the end of his time prepared for his final examination in the schools; and, following an old custom, went to hear on a stated day the examination of other candidates who were trying for a class a term or two before his time came. He assures us, or rather his mother, that what he heard was as follows. It will astonish those not accustomed to Oxford examinations as much as it will amuse them, and it is a specimen of a kind of examination that is now, we believe, a thing of the past. But we do not think that a few years ago it would have been much of a caricature:—

The first on the list is a man of sallow and sickly countenance, rather underbred in his manners, and evidently with much nervous timidity in going

* *A Few Notes from Past Life*. 1818–1832. Edited from Correspondence. By the Rev. Francis Trench, Rector of Islip, Oxford. London: John Henry and James Parker. 1862.

through the ordeal. The Greek Testament is handed to him. He begins to read, but is rather suddenly interrupted by the logical Mr. —, of —, who looks him in the face, and addresses him thus: "What Gospel's that you've got?" "St. Matthew's, sir." "How do you know it?" The young man was mute. "Go on, sir." After the termination of the passage, the student was examined in divinity. That is, he was required to quote a few texts, and to explain a few technical terms of religion; but on being unable to recollect and produce extempore a verse in the Bible to prove the existence of original sin, he is turned out of the schools and plucked—a word easily written or pronounced, but a most serious misfortune to the sufferer.

The next candidate is summoned to rise. His divinity is gone through successfully. He is then called upon to construe a passage in Herodotus. Suddenly interrupted—"Eh, ye, sir; give the full force to each of those words." This is done. The book is closed, and the history examination commences. "What comes in the seventy-ninth chapter of the second book of Herodotus?" A pause. "Don't you know that? It's about the crocodile. Which jaw does he move?" A pause. "Don't you know that, sir? Then tell me the three wrong reasons Herodotus gives for the Nile overflowing in summer." "I forget them, sir; but I can tell the right one." "I don't want the right one; I want the wrong ones." Serious looks are passing among the examiners. One more chance given. "How many miles is it from the village Agnosté to the village Aneuré?" "Seven miles." "No, sir." "Eight miles and a half." "Worse again, sir; it is seven miles and a half;" and the examiner sits down with an air of triumph at being able to correct the important difference from a piece of paper on which he had previously copied it out, and which he attempts to hide under his gown.

The next book given is Pindar. When the glorious poetry of the first Pythian is just beginning to warm up the spirit of the same student who had undergone this obnoxious ordeal, a noble strophe is suddenly interrupted. "What is the logical fault of that proposition? Tell me the major term, major premiss, copulative, predicate; give it to me categorically, hypothetically; and tell me the physical definition of Typhon. Make haste, sir." (Pp. 109–111.)

We must find room for one more extract from these Oxford letters, because it shows how very well and sensibly Mr. Trench bore the disappointment of getting only a second-class—how very naturally anxious he was that he should not be thought to be a bad second because his name began with a T, and because it makes the first mention contained in these letters of an Oriel Tutor who afterwards became so famous:—

The class paper came out yesterday, and they have given me a second class. I am sure that this was quite as much as I deserved. There were only three in the first—a very scanty allowance of the honour. The men are ranged in each separate class alphabetically, there being a certain standard in the examiners for each attainment. So it is A, B, C in the first, A, B, C in the second, &c. One or two men, who fully expected to have occupied the highest place, are exceedingly disappointed, and do not pretend to conceal their feelings. There are thirteen in the second class, seventeen in the third, and below that about eighty. You see, therefore, that any one in the second class may adequately comfort himself with the remembrance that if the whole list had been named together, according to merit, he must have come within the first sixteen, and might have come at any place after the third. I have no doubt that I have made this clear to you, and that you will be much pleased with my position; though, of course, you would have been as much more pleased to hear of the highest honour as I should have been to communicate it.

Yesterday was a time of much academical excitement, and the usual number of congratulations and condolences were respectively given. I was examined for six successive days; on the first by word of mouth, and on the others by having historical, critical, or philosophical essays on given subjects submitted for writing, with nothing but pen, paper, and one's own brains to effect the desired results, in the midst of such a stir and din that one certainly is not in the most favourable position towards their production. Oriel again failed in producing a first, though no less than six of us went up from that College to see what could be done. Of all the tutors here, perhaps there is no one who takes more interest in the success of the men than one of the juniors—I mean Newman, who is a clever and hard-working man, and, it is said, would himself have taken a first-class, had it not been that his health failed about the intended time of going up for examination. (Pp. 132–134.)

After his degree, Mr. Trench left Oxford, and travelled before fixing on a profession. His family connection with Ireland led him to devote much of his attention to that distracted country, and he was invited to stand for Queen's County, and might apparently have been elected if he would have accepted a place in O'Connell's tail. But his friends and his own good sense kept him from entering Parliament on such humiliating terms. In the summer of 1831 he made a tour through the West of Ireland, and the tale of all the misery he saw is startling even to us who have read the records of more recent horrors. "In many parts the crop has entirely failed; there is no such thing as hired employment to be got; the fisheries have this year entirely failed; and the landlords, generally speaking, are peculiarly involved." It is easy to guess, without our stopping to trace the details, what, under such circumstances, was the picture that Mr. Trench saw. But if he saw what so many kind-hearted men have seen in Ireland with a pang of acute grief, he also turned to that work of steady, slow, practical improvement which has now been going on in Ireland for many years. He was especially interested in the establishment of loan funds—that is, funds from which the poor could be provided with a little capital in hand, to be repaid by weekly instalments. With his Irish tour and his subsequent negotiations with reference to the Queen's County election, Mr. Trench wisely closes his volume. He stops before his letters have ceased to be those of a young man writing at ease and in confidence to his parents. It would have been a great mistake if he had prolonged the series until it had carried him to years when maturity must have exposed him to criticism. And such letters as these, hallowed by sacred memories, and written without a thought of any but a loving reader, ought not to be subjected to the free remarks that the opinions of a living man of full age invite, if he is worth anything. As it is, they are very pleasant and good in their peculiar way, and belong to a period when style was still cultivated, and note-paper and envelopes had not engendered the

habit of saying the least that is possible in every written communication. We much doubt whether many of the young gentlemen who are now at Harrow and Oriel write letters half so neat, and elaborate, and sensible to their parents.

ARNOLD'S HISTORY OF LORD DALHOUSIE'S ADMINISTRATION.*

THE first volume of Mr. Arnold's history of Lord Dalhousie's Indian administration scarcely raises any of the questions which must be hereafter solved by the censor or panegyrist of the Viceroy whose reign was pregnant with the Indian mutiny and with the dethronement of the East India Company. This volume is limited to Lord Dalhousie's share in the acquisition and administration of the Punjab; and, were he to be judged by the events and measures here recorded, there could be but one opinion of him. The first Sikh war was over when he landed in India, and he could not have averted the second, which only occurred because the conquest which preceded it had stopped short of its natural consummation. The sudden dangers with which the newly installed authority of the British was enveloped through the revolt of the Sikh military aristocracy were met by Lord Dalhousie with promptness and energy. The annexation of the Punjab, which followed, was perfectly inevitable, and the system applied in consolidating and organizing the great province added to British dominion bore witness to the wisdom which dictated it by rapid and complete success. In the course of these transactions, all the highest qualities of Lord Dalhousie were displayed. He had great patience, and courage as great. He knew at once who were the best servants of his government; he gathered them from all sides to do the work in hand, and when he had once selected them he allowed them a wide latitude of action. The plan of government carried out in the Punjab was thus the result of the converging ideas and conjoint experience of all the best heads in India. But it is impossible to read the description of the first undertaking to which Lord Dalhousie addressed himself after his assumption of office without feeling that it may have exercised an unfavourable influence over his subsequent policy. The doubts which Mr. Arnold will have to remove in succeeding volumes may all be connected with reflections suggested by his narrative of events in the Punjab. Did not the Governor-General's mind contract an undue bias towards the extension of the Company's direct authority? Did not his just disdain of native principles of government degenerate into something like a contempt for vested right? Did not his belief in the possibility of moulding native society by organization become a sort of fanaticism, and did he not sacrifice the safety of the empire by his love for bringing it into direct contact with the subject? More than all, did not the respect for public opinion, for which Mr. Arnold praises him, sometimes get the better of his knowledge of character? If it be true that, in selecting the administrators of the Punjab, he was guided by a wise regard for reputation, is it not also true that he was sometimes imposed on by mere clamour, and was goaded or tempted into some of his most questionable measures by the irresponsible dictation of noisy pretenders?

Mr. Arnold's full and lively description of the condition of the Punjab before the conquest may be profitably studied by everyone who is interested in the comparison of native with British dominion. It is not to be supposed that Runjeet Singh's government was a bad one, and Lord Dalhousie, who saw how much happiness had been produced by overturning it, may be understood, if not pardoned, when he afterwards destroyed the far worse government of Oude. Runjeet himself had all the good qualities ever found in the true Oriental despot—a type of ruler still recommended for India by writers not without influence. The aged Maharajah was personally temperate, prudent and brave. He did not wish his subjects to be plundered or oppressed by any one but himself; he was even willing to govern on the best principles with which he was familiar. With all these comparative merits, his system was one of which the worst Anglo-Indian rulers of the worst time would have been thoroughly ashamed. Its character may be inferred from a circumstance to which Sir John Laurence (quoted by Mr. Arnold) emphatically called attention. Sawun, the father of the famous Moolraj, Colonel Edwardes's antagonist, was one of Runjeet's Ministers, and left behind him the reputation of a servant faithful to his master and just and considerate to the people. Yet at his death he was found to have amassed, in less than twenty years, a fortune of 900,000*l.* without ever having speculated or engaged in trade! In fact, a certain rude order and rough justice were obtainable from Runjeet, which prevented the Punjab from lapsing into the utter anarchy of Oude; but even these benefits were paid for in endless bribes. It was a singular characteristic of Runjeet's country that, while certain abominations were indigenous there as in the rest of India, all the crimes which were not native to it regularly made their way to it in proportion as they were expelled from the states under British rule. Dacoitee, or gang-robbery, had the Punjab for its head-quarters, and perhaps for its mother country; indeed, as Mr. Arnold, remarks, "Runjeet himself was but a free-booter, with a crown instead of a dacoit's turban." Infanticide, which had been extirpated in the Company's territory, and which British diplomacy had all but expelled from the semi-sovereign principalities, was an established practice

* *The Marquis of Dalhousie's Administration of British India*, Vol. I. By Edwin Arnold, M.A. London: Saunders, Otley, & Co. 1862.

in the households of the Sikh chiefs. Thuggee, on the other hand, was for long not known to the Sikhs, but, during the reign of Runjeet, an apostle of the murderous brotherhood introduced it into the Punjab, and the congenial soil instantly gave it an immense development. But the Sikh monarchy was, above all, the paradise of the coiner. The money which circulated was of extraordinary variety. Sixty-one kinds of rupees were recognised, and one only of these rupees was represented by fifty different coins. Great as were the facilities given by this variety to the counterfeiter, a clumsy workman would not have been helped by them. All over India, says Mr. Arnold, the native labourer closely scrutinizes the coin offered to him, and no ear is keener to detect the ring of true metal than a villager's:—

In preserving this, and yet debasing the piece, the Indian coiner shows exquisite skill and patience. Those of the Punjab were especially numerous and daring. Under the Mussulman rulers, a detected utterer of spurious money was forthwith disembowelled; and yet not silver monies only, but the gold mohur of Mahomed Shah was frequently and cleverly counterfeited. Runjeet Singh absolutely countenanced the utterers of false money as a guild, and drew from them a tax ranging from four to ten rupees a head.

It was something to have substituted good government for all this disorder, and something more to have been able to effect a great object without one moment's departure from the strictest justice and the most scrupulous good faith. The heroic story of the Sikh wars is not interrupted by a single passage which can give pain to the most sensitive conscience. An army of Hindoo Puritans, which had never really submitted to authority since the death of its stern old tyrant, and which had been allowed to organize a system of self-government through "Panches" or committees, suddenly overpowered the feeble resistance of its prominent officers and invaded the British territory. Lord Dalhousie had nothing to do with the compromise by which, after the defeat of the Sikhs, the absorption of the country was momentarily postponed. It cannot even be said that the Governor-General who established it was greatly to blame. Sir Henry Hardinge, in leaving the Sikh government a nominal autonomy, while he provided the means of bending it to British designs through the counsels of an all-powerful Resident, was only acting on the plan which he found for the time in greatest credit in India. There was no reasonable ground for supposing that the Sikhs would break through trammels which had completely kept in order a people whose original resistance had been quite as difficult to subdue as theirs—the sturdy and warlike Nepaules. The incident which set the revolt in motion is a surprising proof of the confidence which was felt in their system by the Anglo-Indian diplomatists of that day. The Court of Lahore, under the direction of the British Resident, had been disputing on the subject of tribute with the most powerful of the Sikh nobles, Moolraj, the feudal Governor of the great trading city of Mooltan. Not having succeeded in coming to an arrangement with him, they quietly ordered him to surrender his government, and actually despatched two young Englishmen, Mr. Vans Agnew and Lieutenant Anderson, to relieve him of his powers. It is doubtful whether Moolraj would not have bowed to the tranquil audacity of the command he had received, but a popular tumult carried him away, and the envoys were murdered with his connivance. The Punjab was instantly in a flame, and then followed that series of struggles and victories by which British valour and constancy triumphed over the desperation of the Sikh troops and the military nobles who led them. The wonderful exploits of Edwardes and Cortlandt, the double siege of Mooltan, and the final overthrow of the Sikhs at Chillianwallah and Goojerat, are excellently narrated by Mr. Arnold; but, looked at with a view to his main object, the illustration of Lord Dalhousie's character and services, the history of the second conquest of the Punjab is chiefly important from the influence it exercised on Indian ideas. The system of divided government, having failed in one conspicuous instance, became entirely discredited. The tide of opinion set strongly towards the plan of complete annexation, and the new theory, as it ever the case in India, swallowed up for the time all others. It cannot be disputed that Lord Dalhousie's mind was greatly swayed by the current of popular ideas, and that the absorption of the Punjab, which was inevitable, led him, after several minor steps in the same direction, to the annexation of Oude, which has yet to be proved necessary or prudent.

Mr. Arnold describes in language of almost unqualified eulogy the measures of Lord Dalhousie's Commissioners for the organization of the new province. That they were admirably planned with a view to their object, was proved by their signal success. The general disarmament of the population completely pacified the country. The Sikh Sirdars sank into peaceful insignificance, and a well-drilled force of native police soon coerced minor disturbers. Female infanticide, the "social evil" of the Punjab, was suppressed by the only measure which could have secured its suppression—the enlisting native opinion against it. A great meeting of priests and nobles was held at Umritsur, at which, after a solemn condemnation of the practice, its cause was as far as possible removed. Female children had been put to death on account of the enormous expenditure which Sikh fashion imposed on a father of rank who was marrying a daughter; and the meeting was accordingly prevailed upon to settle a scale of outlay for weddings, which the leading persons present pledged themselves to observe. Finally, the rights of individuals to the soil, always implicated in India with the claims of the Government to revenue, were regulated by a series of just assessments, and the Sikhs had

conferred on them an advantage hitherto unknown in India, through the compilation and publication of a code of native customs. It would not be fair on Mr. Arnold to suspect the praise which he lavishes on all these wise measures of being given with an ulterior object. Yet Indian eulogy is always rather suspicious. While the infinite variety of native usages is perpetually insisted upon by persons trained in India as the great reason for valuing Indian experience, no people are so ready to cry up some one system or theory with unreasonable vehemence as the universal panacea. Several of the expedients employed by the new rulers and their colleagues have inspired a crowd of admirers with positive fanaticism, from which we shall be happy to find Mr. Arnold exempt in his succeeding volumes. He must not disguise from himself that one view of Lord Dalhousie is that he was an able man, of few ideas, which he obstinately persisted in carrying into practice.

A RUSSIAN ROMANCE.*

THE smallest shoot from the once apparently lifeless tree of Spanish literature has been cordially welcomed as a sign of returning vigour and vitality, but in Russia literature has yet to live. The rude struggle for material prosperity checks the rapid growth of intellectual habits, and literature, which forms the crown of civilization, is yet wanting to that vast empire. Scholars and poets there are, but few have made their names of European celebrity. The recent quarrel at the University, showing as it does the position held by professors and students, reveals and illustrates the mode of education adopted by a nation which, in some respects, has not yet emerged from semi-barbarism. An autocrat cannot forget or forego his prerogative any more than an Ethiopian can change his skin. We are told that, through the emancipation of the serfs, a middle class will grow up in Russia, and that the transformation of society is the work of time, not of revolution. No doubt the travelled Russian noble is the most cultivated and favourable specimen of his class, who are represented as knowing many languages while all but ignorant of their native tongue, and caring for little beyond the French novels of the day. We read of the frivolity and barbaric luxury of Russian society, but its provincial life is unknown, and is therefore unbroken soil for an author. More than three years ago, a Russian novel was published at St. Petersburg by Ivan Tourguenev, whose name had before then been familiarized in France, thanks to translations of his previous works which appeared in different French periodicals. Apart from its nationality, *Une Nichee de Gentilshommes* would excite interest, and, when once read, it will live distinctly in the memory. Having been written for Russians, the customs and manners of the land are not described, but portrayed incidentally.

If the Italian proverb "*Traduttori, traditori*," be true, there is some ingratitude in remembering it, for to Comte Sollohub and A. de Calonne we are much indebted for the translation of what would, but for their pains, have remained a sealed book. Under the title of *Une Nichee de Gentilshommes*, this Russian romance was published in the *Revue Contemporaine*, and the translators have now wisely given it a separate existence. Of the merits of the translation few English readers will be able to judge, but it reads as if it faithfully represented the original. When there is a question of local manners and details of social life, no following of the text can be too exact, and we are glad that the translators viewed their task in this light. At this moment, when Russia is distracted by insubordination in her capital, revolt in her provinces, revolution without and within, presenting a social and political aspect unparalleled in the world, thoughtful minds seize with avidity any book which may throw light on life as it now is in that vast empire; and it is not to travellers' tales, but to provincial society as described by a Russian, that we now desire to draw attention.

The commencement of the story is dated about twenty years ago, and we are to imagine ourselves in the provincial town of O—, where a rich widow kept one of the most agreeable houses in the place. Maria Dmitriévna, or Mme. Kalitine, as we should call her, had been a pretty blonde in her youth, but was then fair, fat, and fifty, with the ways and humours of a spoilt child. She had a son being educated at St. Petersburg, and two daughters at home, Lise and Hélène, who, with an eccentric old aunt, made up the family circle. The old aunt, Marpha Timoféevna, is a thoroughly original character, with none of the angles rubbed off by seventy years' contact with the world—speaking the truth, and rejoicing when the truth is unpalatable, in sharp accents denouncing shams, and inspiring fear with her caustic tongue. Under a rough crust there is a sound heart, warning to a few objects worthy of her love and esteem. When Marpha is first presented to the reader, she is knitting, and discussing with her niece the character of a certain gossiping dignitary whom she detects, and detects as habitually lying:—

"Et avec cela, il est Conseiller d'État! D'ailleurs, que peut-on attendre du fils d'un prêtre?"

"Qui donc est sans péché, ma tante? Il a cette faiblesse, j'en conviens. Serguéi Pétrovitch n'a pas reçu d'éducation; il ne parle pas le français, mais il est, ne vous en déplaît, un homme charmant."

"Oui, il te lèche les mains! Qu'il ne parle pas le français, le malheur n'est pas grand. Moi-même, je ne suis pas forte dans ce dialecte. Il voudrait mieux qu'il ne parlât aucune langue, mais qu'il dit la vérité."

"Bon, le voilà qui vient; s'ilôt qu'on parle de lui il apparaît," ajouta Mar-

* *Une Nichee de Gentilshommes; Mœurs de la Vie de Province en Russie.* Par Ivan Tourguenev. Paris (Collection Hetzel): Jung-Treutzel.

pha Timoféevna, jetant un coup-d'œil dans la rue. "Le voilà qui arrive à grandes enjambées, ton homme charmant! Qu'il est long! Une vraie cigogne!" Maria Dmitriévna arrangea ses boucles; Marpha Timoféevna la regarda avec ironie. "Qu'as-tu donc, ma chère? ne serait-ce pas un cheveu blanc? Il faut gronder la Pélagia. Ne voit-elle donc pas clair?" "Vous, ma tante, vous êtes toujours ainsi," murmura Maria Dmitriévna avec dépit.

After the usual polite salutations are exchanged, Mme. Kalitine asks the visitor for the latest news, which happens to be the arrival of a relation of the lady, called Fédor Ivanowitch Lavretzky, who is separated from his wife and has now returned to his estates. They continue to gossip about the impropriety of his return to his province after the scandal having spread all over Europe, and when his wife had become a lost character consorting with artists, pianists, "des lions, et d'autres bêtes." Fédor too, it appeared, was stouter and more florid than ever, in spite of his frightful position—which, to be sure, was not his own fault. The conversation is broken off by a young man who rides up the street on a spirited horse, and stops before the open window for admiration, and talks to the little girl previous to entering the house.

M. Tourqueneuf has sketched this personage with not a little malice, but we have not far to look for his prototype in our own society. Vladimir Nicolaeewitch Panchine, a young *attaché* sent on an official mission to O—, is excellently described, and, as Lise's admirer, he is constantly on the scene, his suit being favoured by her mother. Panchine, at twenty-eight, was a gentleman of the chamber, welcomed in the best houses in St. Petersburg, very good-looking, amusing, accomplished, and apt—"respectful where he ought to be, and arrogant where he could"—"camarade parfait; un charmant garçon, enfin." He was accustomed to please both old and young, and flattered himself that he knew mankind, and more particularly womankind, whose foibles were his study. "Il eut bientôt compris le secret de la science du monde; il sut se pénétrer d'un respect réel pour ses lois, s'occuper de futilités avec un air d'importance mêlé d'ironie, et faire semblant de considérer les choses importantes comme futiles; il dansait admirablement bien, s'habillait à l'anglaise." Vladimir was dissipated, but, like so many of his class, he was in reality cold and cunning. Nothing escaped his keen eye, nor in his boldest excess did he ever allow himself to be carried away. Panchine passed most of his evenings at the Kalitines', where Maria Dmitriévna petted the elegant favourite, and he is first introduced singing a romance of his own composition, which is duly applauded. Of his singing it is elsewhere maliciously remarked that, "s'il ne chantait pas d'une manière irréprochable, au moins il remuait les épaules, balançait tout son corps, et levait de temps en temps la main comme un vrai chanteur." Some one entered the room as the young *dilettante*, with half-shut eyes, let his last tones die away, who did not admire the romance or the singer. It was Lemm, Lise and Hélène's German music-master. Lemm is one of those characters which do the author real credit. He belongs to a race calculated to excite our sympathy, for music, as a profession, commonly brings either affluence or penury—the medium seems unattainable. One of a family of poor musicians, Christophe became an orphan early, and, when yet a child, wandered over the country playing anyhow and anywhere for his livelihood. At last he succeeded in getting into an orchestra, of which by degrees he became the leader. His executive power was not great, but he was a thorough master of his art. He emigrated to Russia, where he became chapel-master to a great Russian noble, who involved the poor musician in his ruin. Lemm's friends advised him to return to his native country, but that pride forbade, so the unfortunate German wandered for twenty years from place to place, finding misery instead of fortune. In the midst of all his suffering, the hope of returning to his native land never forsook him; but, broken in health, decrepid before his age, he finally established himself at O—, where he came by chance, and where he existed on the paltry profits of a few music lessons. Nature had not favoured Lemm with exterior gifts, and unpropitious fate, against which he struggled, left its traces and still more disfigured the physiognomy of its victim. In this deformed body there burnt the soul of a true artist, "gifted with that vividness of imagination and boldness of thought which only belongs to the Germanic race;" but, better than all, Lemm was an honest man. He wrote music which was never published, and in his old age "his character as well as his fingers hardened." He lived in the country he detested, near Mme. Kalitine, and Lise was his best pupil and his only object of interest. Panchine, the *dilettante*, was his aversion.

Lavretzky, about whose separation from his wife and return after an absence of eight years the gossips were talking, makes his first visit that same afternoon to his cousin Maria Dmitriévna, who is rather uneasy to know how to receive him. She is somewhat scandalized to perceive that he has become stouter, and bears no apparent trace of his matrimonial misfortune. She thinks she ought to pity him very much, and sighs, and shakes her head with such a doleful air that Lavretzky, who could not contain himself, asked her brusquely if she were ill. She feels a little affronted, and thinks to herself, "S'il en est ainsi, ça m'est bien égal; à ce qu'il paraît, mon cher, rien ne vous fait ni chaud ni froid; un autre aurait séché de chagrin, et vous n'en perdez pas une once de graisse." Lavretzky, in short, was as unlike a victim as possible. He was a perfect Russian in appearance, stoutly-built and ruddy, with light curly hair and blue eyes. Marpha Timoféevna, his old aunt, overflows with affection for Fédor, as she calls him. He is going to live on a small estate near O—, as his large country house reminded him too much of its former mistress. Later in the evening, Panchine takes a

favourable opportunity of being affectionate to Lise, whilst Lavretzky retires to his aunt's apartments, after bidding adieu to the rest of the family. There he sits with his face buried in his hands, the old woman standing by him, and from time to time passing her hand caressingly over his hair. They are both silent. "What could he have said? what could she have asked?" She understood all, and took part in all his sufferings.

Fédor Ivanowitch Lavretzky was of an old and noble family. His father, Ivan, for being in love with a servant, was chased from the paternal home with curses. He married the peasant girl, and left her to the care of some distant relations, and went to St. Petersburg. When there, Ivan troubled himself little about his wife, who in course of time was admitted with her child into the father's house to be tyrannized over by an imperious sister-in-law, who took the entire management, or rather mismanagement, of the young Fédor. Malenia subsided into a mere gentle cipher, for even when her husband returned, after six years passed in evil courses, she found that he upheld his sister's rule, and the gentle creature did not long survive a second separation from her indifferent husband.

Ivan, in his youth, was a disciple of the French school, an admirer of Voltaire, Diderot, Rousseau, etc., without having strong convictions on any subject. After all, says M. Tourqueneuf, what convictions could we expect in a young man who lived fifty years ago, when even in the present day we have not arrived at having any?

Ivan Pétrovitch était anglomane quand il revint en Russie. Ses cheveux coupés ras, son jabot empesté, sa longue redingote, couleur pots, avec une multitude de petits collets superposés, l'expression aigre de ses traits, quelque chose de tranchant et d'indifférent à la fois dans sa manière d'être, sa prononciation sifflante, son rire soudain et saccadé, l'absence de sourire, une conversation exclusivement politique ou politico-économique, sa passion pour le roast-beef saignant et pour le vin de Porto, tout en lui sentait la Grande-Bretagne d'une lieue: il semblait tout entier pénétré de son esprit; mais, chose étrange! s'étant transformé en anglomane, Ivan Pétrovitch était devenu en même temps patriote; du moins se disait-il patriote, quoi qu'il connût fort mal la Russie, quoiqu'il n'eût aucune des habitudes russes, et qu'il parlât le russe d'une façon étrange. Dans la conversation, son langage lourd et décoloré se hérissait de barbarismes; mais à peine venait-on à parler de quelque sujet sérieux, qu'Ivan Pétrovitch se répandait soudain en phrases telles que celles-ci: "Se signaler par de nouvelles preuves de zèle individuel."—Cela n'est point en accord direct avec la nature des circonstances, &c.

Such a man as Ivan was likely to give his son a strange education, and that of Fédor was experimental—a mixture of severity and neglect and caprice. When he was twenty-three, Ivan died, and Lavretzky, for the first time his own master, went to St. Petersburg, resolved to repair the defects of his education, for, with the mind of a man, he had the ignorance of a child. He led the life of a student at the University for two years. Shy, indifferent to raillery, and shunning all society, he passed for an original and a pedant. He had one friend, a fellow student. One night at the theatre Lavretzky saw a lovely girl. His friend entered her box, and seemed familiar with the occupants, which appeared strange and significant to Fédor, all absorbed as he was in contemplation of the beauty. After a while, the friend takes him to the house of her parents, and he finds Varvara Pavlovna as as clever as she is beautiful and fascinating. It seemed to Lavretzky "that from that day alone he began to comprehend what makes the value of life. All his plans, his resolutions, the void and nothingness of other times suddenly disappeared; his whole being was concentrated in one supreme sensation"—his first love, the passionate love of Varvara. Within the year, Varvara Pavlovna became his wife, after ascertaining the extent of his fortune. Intoxicated with happiness, Varvara led her husband wherever she would—to St. Petersburg, where she got into the best society—thence to Germany and Switzerland—and afterwards to Paris, where they established themselves, and the beautiful Mme. Lavretzky became the rage. Fédor did not care for a round of frivolity. His wife, who admirably studied his tastes when they did not clash with her own, always arranged that his studies should be uninterrupted; and they were very happy. The accidental opening of a love-letter unmasks the character of Pavlovna. Lavretzky, in his terrible rage, feels that he could strangle her with his own hands; he would immolate both her and her lover, as his peasant ancestors would undoubtedly not have failed to do. His love, his rage, his despair and disgust, are well portrayed by M. Ivan Tourqueneuf. Three days after the fatal discovery of the *billet-doux*, Fédor is on his way to Italy, and Mme. Lavretzky in the unrestrained enjoyment of an ample pension and notoriety.

Sometimes, we are told, Lavretzky ardently desired to see his wife—so ardently longed to hear her caressing voice, and feel her hand in his, that he would have sacrificed all for that happiness. But time and a vigorous nature triumphs over both mental and physical weakness. Separation enables him to understand his wife. "On ne connaît bien ceux avec lesquels on vit habituellement que lorsqu'on en est éloigné." Years passed away in Italy; his experience of life destroyed all enthusiasm in Lavretzky's character; he was indifferent to the studies which he resumed, and in this state of mind he returned to his province. He did not inhabit his large house, Lavriki, but contented himself with the small estate which suggested no reminiscence of Varvara Pavlovna. He naturally became familiar with his relations at O—, and more especially with Lise. The character of Lise is but a sketch—she is a girl remarkable for pensive grace, sweet temper, and serious thought. She interests Fédor, and he confides to her the secrets of his heart. Their position is singular. Lise, young and silent, is rather afraid of her cousin, yet, impelled by an idea of duty,

she speaks freely to him. She does not love Panchine, but she has not decided to refuse him.

Lavretzky was not a young man. He could not long doubt his feelings towards Lise. He has to struggle against this new forbidden happiness, and his mental conflict is described with great tenderness and charm. At this crisis, Lavretzky carelessly opens a French paper, and in a paragraph is informed that his wife has died suddenly. Lise remarks that her cousin is altered. There is something amiss, and she asks him what it is. As he could not speak to her in private, he gives her the journal, having marked the paragraph. They meet again. Lise thinks it may not be true, but is horrified at the fatal intelligence, and asks if he too is not grieved. He scarcely knows how to explain his conflicting feelings. At least he is free, and his wife has long been dead to him. God, thinks Lise, can alone pardon him for his uncharitable feelings towards her. She perhaps no longer existed when he was speaking harshly of her faults. He must expiate his error. As friends they speak on the subject with the utmost confidence. Lise still hesitates to accept Panchine, but she avoids Lavretzky. For him then commenced unhappy days. One thought possessed him. Every morning he went to the post, and unsealed his letters and papers with a feverish hand, never finding anything to confirm or contradict the fatal news. At times he had a horror of himself. "How is it, said he to himself, that I am not ashamed of waiting for the confirmation of my wife's death as a raven awaits its prey?" The torments of uncertainty consume him. One night he discovers that Lise loves him. All his doubts are over; but the young girl trembles to receive his confession. "All is in the hands of God," says she solemnly. The garden where they are seated seems to Lavretzky enchanted land. Supreme happiness is within his grasp. On leaving Lise, he passes the poor musician's windows. "Tout à coup il crut entendre dans les airs au-dessus de sa tête un flot de sons magiques et triomphants. Il s'arrêta; les sons retentirent encore plus magnifiques; ils se répandaient comme un torrent harmonieux, et il lui semblait qu'ils chantaient et racontaient tout son bonheur." The next day he returns to his house. Mme. Lavretzky, her child, and French maid have arrived.

Without following the story to its end, it will be seen that M. Tourgueneff has composed a romance in which there is ample opportunity for displaying a novelist's power. He exhibits in a remarkable degree that delicate sense of humour which is allied to pathos of the truest kind. How rarely could we say of a French novel, what may be said of *Une Nichee de Gentilshommes*, there is nothing in it mawkish, morbid, or coarse! How differently would such a story have been treated by a French author!

In conclusion we venture to give the following extract. Eight years have elapsed. It was spring-time:—

Lavretzky descended into the garden, and the first thing which struck his eye was the bench on which he had passed with Lise some few moments of happiness which he had never known again. This bench had bent and blackened, but he recognised it, and experienced in his soul that feeling which nothing equals in its sweetness and its sadness—that feeling of intense regret at youth which is passed and happiness which was once enjoyed. He walked in the alleys with the young people, the lime trees had grown and aged a little during those eight years; their shadow had become thicker, the bushes had grown, the strawberry plants had multiplied, the nut-trees were more bushy, and all around exhaled a fresh smell of verdure, grass, and lilac.

Lavretzky's character had passed through the fiery ordeal, and suffering had purified him. He had ceased to think of his own happiness and interest, and he worked for the good of others. With the Russian we say—

Heureux déjà celui qui n'a point perdu la croyance dans le bien, la persévérance dans la volonté, l'amour du travail.... Ce voyageur solitaire, au son des voix joyeuses d'une nouvelle génération qui l'avait déjà remplacé, jeta un regard en arrière sur ses jours écoulés. Son cœur se remplit de tristesse, mais il n'en fut pas accablé; il avait des regrets, mais il n'avait point de remords.

LETTERS OF ROBERT GROSSETESTE.*

EVERY contribution is welcome which helps to throw fresh light upon the history of the thirteenth century. Both in England and throughout the civilized world, that century was one of the great periods of general destruction and creation. If an arbitrary line between "ancient" and "modern" could be drawn anywhere, it would be somewhere or other in this wonderful age. The Roman Empire, Eastern and Western, more truly died out than at any other time. At the beginning of the century, Constantinople was still the old imperial city, untrodden by the foot of barbarian conquerors, and with the unbroken line of its Cæsars stretching back to Constantine and Augustus. In the West, the Imperial title was still borne, or contended for, by princes who had some claim to the reality of imperial power over both Germany and Italy. In the course of the century, the Latin conquest of Constantinople overthrew the Empire of the East, and the Empire of the West, with its German and Italian kingdoms, was buried in the grave of Frederick the Second. The Greek Empire of the Palæologi, the German Empire of the Luxemburgers and Hapsburgs, were both feeble restorations rather than continuous successions. In the same century, the Bagdad Caliphate was overthrown at one end of the Mahometan world, and the fragments of that of Cordova definitely yielded to the advancing power of Castile. In the same century, the Ottoman

power began its career of victory; the Moguls overran Russia; Poland was restored to its rank as a kingdom; the first steps were taken towards the formation of the Swiss League; Venice, Florence, and Genoa began to enter on the most brilliant age of their history; the last Crusade was waged; and the Popes became definitely temporal Princes. At the beginning of the century a nominal King of the French reigned at Paris, cut off from the sea on all sides by vassals mightier than himself. At its close, a King of the French, the most powerful prince of Europe, had extended his dominions to the Channel, the Ocean, the Pyrenees, and the Mediterranean, and had begun, by the annexation of Lyons, that career of aggression beyond his own realm of which the annexation of Savoy and Nice has been as yet the last instalment. England, at the beginning of the century, was in the hands of a foreign King, whose continental Duchies counted for more than his insular Kingdom. Her people had hardly a visible being—her nobles had not yet shaken off all the traces of their foreign origin. The course of the century beheld the happy loss of Normandy, the signing of the Great Charter, the complete reconciliation of Norman and Englishman, the development of the two Houses of Parliament, the political and judicial legislation of Edward the First, and his attempt—successful as long as he lived—to fuse all Britain into one kingdom. In short, it was during that century that modern Europe, above all, modern England and France, finally received the shape which they have retained ever since. Our constitution, our laws, our language, our art, were all fixed in this great century; succeeding generations have had nothing to do but to develop and improve in detail. No age was ever more fertile in great men. Innocent the Third, Frederick the Second, St. Louis, Edward the First, are alone enough to stamp it as among the richest of centuries in the personal greatness of its heroes. In England, we are perhaps less inclined to admire this or that particular man. We rather dwell on the general spirit with which every portion of the nation, every race and every rank, laboured together to restrain King and Pope alike, and to make England even more free and more united than she had been before she fell under the yoke of the stranger. But if we have to choose out any names of this century for special veneration, as the first place (among subjects) would be, as it were, divided between Stephen Langton and Simon of Montfort, so we can hardly doubt about giving the second to the great Prelate whose letters are now before us—Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln.

The character of Robert Grosseteste is, as his Editor observes, quite mistaken, if we look upon him, as he often is looked upon, as a harbinger of the Reformation in the same sense as Wickliffe was a harbinger of it. His fame has chiefly rested on a spirited answer to a Papal demand, and people have, on the strength of it, set him down as a sort of Protestant. But Bishop Robert swerved in no point, either of doctrine or discipline, from the received orthodoxy of his own time. His reverence for the Papal See was unbounded. But he refused to do anything which would be a sin against his own conscience, to please Pope, King, or anybody else. Still it was probably because his stern righteousness made no more exception for Popes than for other people, that he never received those honours of formal canonization which were bestowed on so many who deserved it much less. "Holy Robert," like Waltheof, like Simon of Montfort, like a whole crowd of other worthies, was canonized by the voice of the English people, though his name never found a place in the Roman Calendar. But Robert was essentially a man of his own age. He exhibits in its full perfection the ideal of a good man and a good Bishop, as they were understood in the thirteenth century; but we must not look to him for theological discoveries altogether beyond the range of that century. What were then understood to be a Bishop's duties he did with a zeal, an impartiality, a single-minded love of right, such as never was surpassed. To the usual learning of his age he added the unusual acquirements of Greek and Hebrew; but his Greek studies seem to have been chiefly thrown away upon worthless apocryphal books. He was a Church Reformer, but his reformation mainly consisted in strictly administering the ecclesiastical laws as he found them. So far as he innovated, it was in his zealous encouragement of the Mendicant Friars, certainly not a move in a Protestant direction. As a man of obscure—and therefore, probably, of Old-English—descent, who rose, purely by his own merits, to one of the first places in the kingdom, and who conducted himself there as nearly without fault or blemish as a mortal man can conduct himself, England has every reason to be proud of him. But it is foolish to thrust upon him a character to which he has no pretension, and which he would himself have been the first to disclaim.

A man in Robert Grosseteste's position, in those days, did not lead an idle or an easy life. The administration of his enormous diocese, containing, as it then did, nine counties, reaching uninterruptedly from the Thames to the Humber, was no sinecure in his hands. He was everywhere, exhorting, rebuking, correcting. Laymen, seculars, regulars, all come in for his care—his own Chapter not the least, though they are the foremost to resist his fatherly admonitions. The strange system by which a Bishop has practically less authority in his own church than in any other church in his diocese was then fast growing up. The Chapter of Lincoln were already beginning to refuse to the Bishop all ordinary right of visitation—to allow him at most an appellate jurisdiction, or a right to step in when the Dean failed to do his duty. The disputes arising out of this question, the correspondence about it, the suits about it in the Papal Court, form a large portion of this volume.

* *Roberti Grosseteste Episcopi quondam Lincolnensis Epistola.* Edited by Henry Richards Luard, M.A. London: Longman and Co. 1861.

Then there were monasteries to look after, which had even less love for episcopal jurisdiction than the Chapter itself. There was the vast patronage of the see to be administered, and withal to be defended against all manner of friends and enemies, from the Pope downwards. Indeed the most lasting fame of Robert Grosseteste has arisen from the unyielding firmness with which he resisted all applications for the preferment of those whom he looked upon as unworthy. There was the general pastoral care of his vast flock, high and low, and the general interests of religion and good morals to be looked after. On this head we find one very curious letter in the year 1240. Robert of Lexington and the other royal Judges, holding their assize at Lincoln, had tried a man for his life on Sunday. The Dean of Christianity—that is the Rural Dean, not the Dean of the Cathedral—protested against this breach of the holy day. For so doing he was not only called hard names and shut up in his house, but certain lands which he held as guardian of his nieces, and certain other lands of his kinsfolk, with which he seems to have had nothing to do at all, were seized into the King's hands. The Bishop writes a spirited letter to the Judges, rebuking them for their original fault, and demanding redress for his official. It is remarkable that in this letter he applies the word "Sabbatum" to the first day of the week. He does it, however, only rhetorically and by way of analogy, and he carefully draws the distinction between the "Sabbatum" of the old law and the "Dies Dominica" of the new.

But, besides these more strictly official cares of the Bishop of Lincoln, there were plenty of other cares which were more purely personal to Robert Grosseteste. In that age, a man so renowned for learning, wisdom, and goodness was sure to become a sort of personal oracle, whose influence extended far beyond the sphere of his actual official duty. His friend and correspondent, Adam Marsh, though a simple friar, was the adviser of all sorts of people, from the Queen downwards. So it was with Bishop Robert also. His correspondence is full of letters of advice and exhortation to the King and Queen, to Earls and Countesses, and generally to everybody. But what gives a special interest to the correspondence both of Adam and Robert is the close connexion of both of them with the great Earl Simon. Robert was, according to Matthew Paris, Simon's special adviser and Father Confessor. Unfortunately, we have only two of the Bishop's letters to the Earl. They are enough, however, to show the friendly relations between the two, to point out the Bishop as one who did not scruple to rebuke a powerful friend when he thought he needed it, and to point out the Earl as one who, if he sometimes erred, was willing to take a friendly rebuke in good part. Unfortunately, Bishop Robert died long before the events which won for his friend the most glorious place in the English history of the century. But one cannot doubt that, had he lived, his lot would have been thrown in with the patriots, and that his influence would have been thoroughly in its place in softening the now and then over-haughty spirit of the great founder of our Constitution.

What Robert Grosseteste was we perhaps best learn from the witness of Matthew Paris. The monk of St. Albans had but little love for a secular Bishop in any case, and Robert's zeal and energy may doubtless have won him then and laid him open to Matthew's carping and sarcastic criticism. As long as he was alive he abuses him, he takes the part of his rebellious Chapter against him, and bitterly complains of his sharp and searching visitations of monks and even of nuns. But even then he is candid enough to attribute it all to zeal for the soul's health of his flock—a zeal righteous in itself, even if carried somewhat too far. And when Robert was dead and could visit no more monasteries, he pronounces over him that noble panegyric which does equal honour to the true English heart alike of the monk and of the Bishop.

Medieval letters, it must be remembered, are in themselves somewhat dull, therein widely differing from mediæval chronicles. Even Bishop Robert is not exempt from the prevailing sin, though he is by no means so great an offender as many others. Still, with him and with all the rest, one wishes he would come sooner to the point, and give fewer quotations and illustrations from Scripture and the Fathers, from Aristotle and the Latin poets. We believe that Robert was quite right in his dispute with his Chapter; but we are not any the more convinced of it by his arguments about Moses and the Seventy Elders, about Samuel's circuits as judge, and about David keeping his father's sheep. It is more ingenious than conclusive to say that, as it would be very absurd in the moon and stars to conspire to prevent the sun from shining, so it is equally absurd in the Dean and Canons to conspire to prevent the Bishop from visiting. But all this is the sort of thing which passed at that day for argument and for eloquence, and we must not blame a man simply for not rising above the taste of his age.

The present volume is edited by Mr. Luard; and it is therefore almost needless to say that it is one of the ornaments, and not one of the disgraces, of the series. He has given us a thoroughly good and interesting Introduction. We think we have only one cavil to make—namely, that in one place (xxix.) he uses the words "civil law" as opposed to ecclesiastical, when he does not really mean the Civil Law, but the Common Law of England. We regret that Mr. Luard did not carry out his original intention of printing the letters in more strictly chronological order. Otherwise we are thoroughly well pleased with this very carefully edited volume.

TRANSLATIONS OF HOMER.*

FEW Englishmen, combining a fondness for classical literature with more or less aptitude for writing English poetry, have resisted, at one time or another, an impulse to essay translating Homer into their mother-tongue. Each approaches what seems at first sight a genial task, in the faith that others have failed because they did not hit upon the fitting metre, or because they stunted their translation of that dignity to which the epic should of right be wedded. But as the work progresses, difficulties stand out more clearly; the hope of producing a model version recedes further and further; and the ambition of achieving success in a field so conspicuously ill-fated is exchanged for some other of less hazard and of happier augury. Hence English versions of Homer stifled in embryo, at various stages, might probably be detected "blushing unseen" in the desk of many a student. Professor Arnold's recent "Lectures on translating Homer," if they fail to acclimatize the hexameter in a soil to which it does not appear to take kindly, would seem, at any rate, likely to have the effect of applying an "open sesame" to some such buried stores; and if, in the confessed dearth of original English poetry in the present day, sound poetic taste and nobleness of style and language are revived and fostered by study of the principles and practice of translation from such transcending models, this undesigned result of the Professor's teaching will have entitled him to public gratitude. Past experience, indeed, discourages the hope that any version of Homer will succeed in adequately reproducing the great original. The avoidance of one class of failures is apt to involve the commission of another. "Incidit in Scyllam, qui vult evitare Charybdim;" and the rugged archaic translation of Newman is, in modern days, only avoided by hasty precipitation into the blunder of unmusical hexameters, or by acquiescence in the bald blank verse of Brandreth's version of the *Iliad*. When youthful faith in the splendid substitution of himself for Homer by Pope has been destroyed by maturer judgment, and when Chapman's Elizabethan conceits have cloyed the intellectual palate, what remains but the suspicion that, like all master works, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* defy reproduction—that no tongue, nation, or language can more than faintly image Homer's grandeur, simplicity, and life-like picturings?

Having thus stated a conviction based upon the experience of the past, we proceed to examine the pretensions of the latest aspirants to the palm of Homeric translation with an entire freedom from predilection for other versions, and with that respect which is the bare due of all who seek to represent Homer meetly to merely English readers. Before us lie two products of Professor Arnold's theory that the English Hexameter alone can represent the Greek original, in the shape of twelve books of the *Iliad* done into that metre, by Mr. J. H. Dart, and one Book (the First) produced in the same form by the Rev. J. T. B. Landon. Unlike in metre to these and to each other are two versions of half the *Odyssey*, likewise calling for notice—one in Hendecasyllables by Dean Alford, the other by Mr. Worsley, a scholar of Corpus, Oxford, in Spenserian stanza. It will be convenient to compare the like versions of the *Iliad*, one with the other, and to deal in a similar manner with the unlike versions of the *Odyssey*. From an examination of these pairs sufficient data will arise to aid a decision on the relative claims of three several metres to be the aptest representative of Homer in English. No great space of time has elapsed since Mr. Arnold, from the Oxford Chair of Poetry, laid down the law that the Homeric Hexameter could find proper warmth and clothing in no other dress than a corresponding English Hexameter. To be sure, the Professor so illustrated his theory by his own specimens as to lead many to doubt whether the dress he proposed would fit sufficiently well, and the controversy between Oxford and London Professors on the subject was not a little amusing. At first, it seemed as if Mr. Matthew Arnold's failure to justify his theory by his practice was likely to deter others from tempting the dangerous path of the English Hexameter. And, accordingly, the versions of the *Odyssey* which issued from the press at the close of last year eschew that metre, and appear in different fashions of verse more decidedly English and national. But, meanwhile, the champions of the Hexameter were biding their time—waiting to see what reception the *Odyssey* in its newest forms would meet; and withal (one of them at least) perceiving, what is most true, that it does not follow that the metre best suited for the *Odyssey* is undeniably the best for the *Iliad*. Mr. Dart's observation in his preface, that what holds good, in point of metre, for the *Iliad*, by no means holds equally good for the *Odyssey*, has much force and soundness; for, if we must have English Hexameters at all, they are surely more welcome when they reproduce the stirring battle-fields and lively action of the Tale of Troy, than when they pourtray the calmer and more quietly beautiful scenes abounding in the famous poem of the wanderings of Ulysses. Though Mr. Dart has been engaged, for relaxation and amusement, upon the experiment of an English Hexameter *Iliad* since 1859, he evidently owes to the lectures of Arnold, and to

* *The Odyssey of Homer*. Books I.—XII. In English Hendecasyllable Verse. By Henry Alford, Dean of Canterbury. London: Longman. 1861.
The Odyssey of Homer. Books I.—XII. In the Spenserian Stanza. By P. S. Worsley, M.A. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood. 1861.
The Iliad of Homer. Books I.—XII. In English Hexameter Verse. By J. Henry Dart, M.A. London: Longmans. 1862.
Homer Iliad A. Literally Translated into English Hexameters. By James T. B. Landon, M.A. Oxford and London: Vincent & Co. 1862.

the general endorsement of the views therein expounded, which appeared in the *Times* of October 28, 1861, the step for which he is constrained to offer something like an apology—his rush into print. His preface admits the imperfect state of the version which he publishes, and moreover gives no hope that he can spare enough *time* labor materially to improve it. What it does affirm and boldly set forth is this—that, in Mr. Dart's judgment, the reproduction of "the most noble of all profane authors in a shape more nearly resembling the original than the existing versions" is more praiseworthy, even if the English Hexameter be only a *quasi-hexameter*, full of metrical irregularities, than the same labour bestowed on the same Father of poetry in metres which English bards have handled and perfected, and an English public has learned to read and love. "Not only," says Mr. Dart, "are the lines frequently anapestic rather than dactylic, but in very many cases spondee are represented by iambics, and trochees, and occasionally even by pyrrhics. It may even be possible, as a learned friend has suggested, not unfrequently to discover in place of a dactyl, a cretic, a tribrach, an amphibrachys, or even a nameless foot." Now it is certainly a novel method of conciliating favour for a foreign importation, to admit at the outset that it is really only a modified form of what it pretends to be. It is very considerate, too, to critics, that Mr. Dart, expressly for their sakes, pleads guilty to irregularities which they could not fail to detect. But is it not an argument against the adoption of this so-called sole equivalent for the original metre, that it is not really, after all, a *bona fide* hexametric version? Far better is it to do as Mr. Landon has done—write free and flowing hexameters to the best of his power, with as close observance of rules and laws as possible, and then send them forth, without note or comment, leaving criticism to find the blots if it care to do so, and resting his claims to success upon close adherence to his model. If, as Professor Arnold argues, "all that can be said against the use of Hexameters in English poetry comes only to this, that they have not yet been used on any considerable scale with success," and if "this is an objection which can best be met by producing good English Hexameters," it is more creditable to an author's candour than comfortable to his reader's ear to be introduced to a volume with prefatory assurances that we must not expect to find it *altogether*, but only *almost*, or *quasi* hexametric in metre.

If, however, Mr. Dart's prefatory admissions prepare us for undactylic hexameters sown broad-cast over his field—and if Mr. Landon herein pleases better, because he has no preface at all, and, promising nothing, does not disappoint—still it must be owned that the instalment which he has vouchsafed is but one twenty-fourth part of the whole, while Mr. Dart has completed one half. This should be set to the creditor account of Mr. Dart; and perhaps something may be deducted from admiration of the polish of Mr. Landon's verses, on the supposition that the enthusiasm as well as the care of one just beginning his task is fresher and keener than that of him who has tracked half his road. The different amount of progress made by each narrows our examination to the first book, which is not perhaps so good a field for testing rival translators' merits as the third or sixth, or some later books.

Let us take Mr. Dart's version of an average passage, *Il. i. 188—205*—

So spake the King: and sore was the strife in the breast of Achilles.
Much did he doubt whether baring the blade of his terrible broadsword,
Bursting through the press, to smite Atreides and kill him:
Or to suppress his wrath, and vanquish the storm of his passion.
Fittingly over his soul burst the quick contending emotions:
Half he smother'd his blade: but down came Pallas Athene,
Down from the skies she came: (and the white-arm'd Queen of Olympus
Sent her: for both of the chiefs had the love and care of the goddess.)
Gliding behind him she touch'd the golden locks of Achilles,
For him alone reveal'd: none else saw the heavenly vision.
Thrill'd to the touch Pelides: and turning him round he beheld her:
Saw her and knew her well: for her bright clear eyes fell upon him;
Knew her for Pallas Athene, and rapidly thus he address'd her.

Here follows the version of Mr. Landon:—

Peleus' son at his word was griev'd: and the heart in his bosom,
Rough with the vigour of youth, was weighing a doubtful opinion,<
Whether he should, from his thigh having drawn the blade of his weapon,
Cause the assembly to rise, and Atreides spoil of his armour,
Or put a check on his wrath, and curb the spirit within him.
Whilst he, strid'd by the thoughts that work'd in the depths of his bosom,
Out of the sheath was drawing his sword, from heaven Athene
Came, (for a goddess had sent her, the white-arm'd beautiful Herd,
Loving them both in her heart, and caring alike to preserve them:)
Stood she behind him, and seized by the golden locks Pelides,
Visible only to him, for none of the others beheld her.
Startled thereat was Achilles: and turning knew in a moment
Pallas Athene there, for the awe of her eye was upon him.
Then having utter'd a cry, with fluttering words he address'd her.

Scholars will have no hesitation in awarding the palm of accuracy and truthful expression here to Mr. Landon; and it can hardly be that even the unlearned will prefer Mr. Dart's versification to that of his rival hexametrician. We are told that Homer's hexameter is not lumbering. Can as much be said for the 3rd, 9th, 10th, and 11th verses of the passage quoted from Mr. Dart? And it needs only the perusal of one or two books to show that we have not chosen an unfair test-passages. Homer, again, it is urged, is to be done into hexameters, because in them he has most chance of being not tamely or unfaithfully rendered. But where, it may be asked, is the faithfulness in the translation of

Ἰὼς δ' αὖτ' ὅ' ὤρμαινε κατὰ φρενὶν, καὶ κατὰ θυμόν,
Fittingly over his soul burst the quick contending emotions,

or in rendering *θάμβησεν δ' Ἀχιλλεύς*, "Thrill'd to the touch Pelides," or of *δαῖνός δι' αἰ ὅσους φάνανθεν*, "For her bright clear eyes fell upon him?" In all which places, and specially in the last, Mr. Landon gives the more poetical and vivid, as well as the more literal equivalent for the Greek.

And what has been said of this passage is to be justified by reference to many others, one or two of which it is but fair to notice. In *Il. i. 81—3*, Mr. Dart translates

ἔπει γὰρ τε χόλον γι καὶ αὐτῆμαρ καταπέφυγ, κ.τ.λ.

Haply one deems that the swift-springing wrath is the wrath of the moment: But it survives the moment: it still has an end to accomplish, Nursed in his breast. Then say—you have might, have you mind to defend me?

The looseness and vague unfaithfulness of which comes out in strong contrast with Mr. Landon's more exact version:—

For though the passion within for a single day he may soften,
Still he retaineth a grudge, until that an end be accomplish'd
Deep in his bosom: and therefore reflect whether thou wilt assure me.

In v. 78, again, we prefer Mr. Landon's—

For methinks I shall anger the man who mightily lords it
Over the Argive host—

to Mr. Dart's more diffuse rendering:—

Little perchance will the words I must speak please some notable leader
Mighty, perchance, in Argos:

for, in the original, Agamemnon is not only hinted at, but unmistakably defined. Below in v. 91, it might be wished that the metre which is recommended as ensuring faithfulness could have given, in Mr. Dart's rendering, the force of *εἴχεται εἶναι*. But all we have is:—

E'en were it he, first of all the Achæans, the King Agamemnon:
whereas Landon keeps spirit, letter, and metre, in his translation:—

Who now vaunteth himself the foremost of all the Achæans.

Instances of like looseness, if not disregard of the original, occur not unfrequently in Mr. Dart's pages: as, e.g. in v. 103, where *ἀνίστη ἀχρόνιμος* is translated "furious he rose;" 114. *κουρίδις ἀλόγος*, "virgin-spouse though she was;" 170. *νηοὶ κορυνίσαι*, "black-beak'd prows of my galleys;" 423. *μήν' Ἀχαιοῖσιν*, "know not as friends the Achæans;" and, 305, *λύσαν δ' ἀγορὴν παρὰ νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν*, "And back to the ships dismiss'd the assembly;" some of which renderings involve their author in the dilemma of intentional vagueness or unintentional neglect of scholarship. In one or two cases there is a suspicion of the latter, e.g. in v. 50, where Homer says of the plague:—

οὐρῆας μὲν πρῶτον ἐπ' ἄρ' αἰετο καὶ κύνες ἀργεῖς,

which is rightly translated by Mr. Landon—

First he fell on the mules and dogs of dazling swiftness,

but strangely misconstrued by Mr. Dart—

First upon heavy mules and on dogs.

The mental process which arrived at this misconception seems to have been of this kind. Taking *ἀργεῖς* as derived from the private *ἀ* and *ργος*, Mr. Dart supposes it to mean, as in later writers it does, "slow," "lazy," "idle." Remembering the dog "Argus," or "swift-foot" of the *Odyssey*, he may have reasoned that Homer's dogs are not usually characterized by this epithet, in the sense of "slow" at any rate; and so he saddles it on the mules with an utter disregard to the position of words in the Greek, and to the certain meaning of *ἀργεῖς* as applied to the canine race in Homer, namely, "fleet," because swiftness in running produces a glistening light, which is the primary idea in *ἀργεῖς*.

These, however, are not, in themselves, very grievous slips, especially when the author in whose version they occur pleads past and existing want of leisure, caused by the engrossing pursuit of a laborious profession. They might be found in other Homeric translators in other metres than the hexameter; but they strike us as somewhat unfortunate in the case of one who has selected his metre, with its admitted irregularities, as a special vehicle for faithful as well as spirited translation. On the general question of spirit, readers must judge for themselves. Some mouths may be better constructed than others for the pronunciation of English hexameters such as Mr. Dart's. Certainly they are less fluent or "fluid" than Mr. Landon's, than Mr. Kingsley's in his *Andromeda*, or than those of Mr. Longfellow. If we rank them above Mr. Arnold's own specimens, we fear our author will hold this but scant praise, although he is content to strengthen his own conclusions by the Professor's coinciding opinion.

In Mr. Landon's version, so far as it goes, it would be difficult to spy out any faults as to accuracy, scholarship, or un-Homeric feeling. In his translation of the sacrifice (457—487), and of the galley's course to Chrysa, and the operations following it, he is signally faithful and exact. He shows no hesitation in rendering such phrases as *ἐπαρξάμενοι δειπάζοντες*, or such disputed meanings as *ἄσπονδ' ἰόντ'* in v. 567, which test a translator's capacity, as well as his acquaintance with the researches of commentators, not inconsiderably. Tried in the balance with the other Hexametric translator whom we have noticed, he is *facile princeps*; but his victory would have been more complete had he put forth, as his rival has done, twelve books at once, and entered the lists equally weighted. He too might flag or nod, if he ran the same distance; and it is quite within the range of probability that an off-hand experiment

upon at most six hundred lines of Homer may be successful, while the continued stretch of twelve books might have proved a failure.

Whether Mr. Landon's hexameters, generally flowing as they are, are such as to establish the claims of that metre for Englishing Homer, is a question which can better be decided after seeing what amount of success may be predicated of the Hendecasyllabic and Spenserian versions of the *Odyssey*, which must be reserved for another article.

(To be continued.)

LADY HERBERT'S GENTLEWOMEN.*

THE gushing optimism, so creditable to the heart of the fair sex, is faithfully reflected in their multitudinous works of fiction. The writings of the most unimpeachably orthodox are tainted by a strong savour of Pelagianism. Humanity has been cruelly maligned by the evil tendencies ascribed to it. Every man, woman, and child is ideally virtuous and well-behaved. All the world's a soup-kitchen or a clothing-club. The exigencies of a depraved taste require, indeed, some passing allusion to vice and crime. To prevent an absolute dead level of virtue, persons of an inferior degree of merit must be introduced. But these less estimable personages (we cannot call them villains), at all events, so far conform to the scheme of life propounded by the authoress as to adopt a fancy costume. They must not appear in their proper and recognisable colours. If wickedness cannot be ignored, it shall at least be wickedness à la Watteau. It is at this point that nine-tenths of our lady novelists fail. So far as the dark side of human nature is concerned, they are absolutely colour-blind. Instead of painting evil as we see and know it to be in the world, they give us only their own puerile or extravagant notions about it. It is the rare merit of *Adam Bede*, that in its pages moral evil is neither caricatured nor exaggerated, but depicted simply as it exists within the experience of all, in its most repulsive, because most commonplace, features.

The tone of the book before us is eminently cheerful. We rise from its perusal with a better opinion of the world in general. Our lot is cast in a sort of philanthropic Arcadia. Every one is "fine-hearted," or "a noble nature," or "a magnificent soul." Aldermen exist only to dower penniless girls and give them away at the altar arrayed in white satin. Village tailors present curates with coats of the finest texture and the deepest black. *Ci-devant* ostlers are willing assistants in the operations of schools for cookery. Grateful shopwomen present cambric pocket-handkerchiefs to daily governesses as a testimony to their merit. Daily governesses devote their evening leisure to the instruction of the counter-skippers of St. Paul's-churchyard. Old ladies find their happiness in making tarts for Bluecoat Boys. The scene is always laid in "a noble cloister," or "a sweet old parlour." Even the brute creation conforms to the laws of universal amiability. Skittish ponies lay aside their "naughtiness" at the sight of brave-souled old women. As a set-off to all this, and an evidence of the presence of sin in the world, we have the habit of banging the door. On three several occasions is this mark of the beast severely noted. While all virtuous and well-disposed persons make a point of tapping before entrance, and softly closing the door upon taking their leave, a bad son, a mad woman, and an unprincipled schoolmistress invariably give the door a violent slam.

The work has little more than nominal unity. It consists for the most part of a series of tales supposed to be narrated among a society of old gentlewomen, pensioners of the charity of Lady Catherine Herbert. The Hospital of Shirlet, situated in the midst of woods in the north-west of England, is the abode of these privileged old ladies. The character of the inmates is various, though there is a great preponderance of fine old souls. The matron is a model of dignified affability, and all the more interesting for having a spendthrift son and a tendency to consumption. Attached to the hospital is a school, the chief feature of which would seem to be the becoming dress of the scholars, who are usually mentioned as "the little mob-capped beauties." One of these figures, with unhappy prominence in the story, falls a victim at the early age of sixteen to the passion of a brutal young tenant-farmer. We suspect our authoress of a touch of satire in introducing this episode. Was it to show how little common sense Lady Catherine Herbert had bequeathed with her lands to the community which shared her bounty? A chaplain, a matron, and a schoolmistress, assisted by a staff of very active old maids, are impotent to save a child of tender years and excellent disposition from outrage. Whether this be a spice of malice or not, it is clear the writer depicts in these volumes a society which never could possibly exist. The mind of spinsterhood is apt to indulge a few pleasant hallucinations, and this is one of them. It is soothing to imagine all manner of calm retreats from a naughty world and unappreciating men. But they are like the mirage of the desert, cool and refreshing enough in the distance, but no sooner reached than they prove an arid and comfortless delusion. Such an institution as this Almshouse, instead of being the little heaven below here assumed (always excepting the door-slaming

nuisance), would be in reality perpetually fermenting with petty broils. It would be the abode, not of grateful old ladies, but of superannuated grumblers. Surely the infirmities of old age are a little lost sight of. It is apt to be fractious and secretive. It does not much care to leave its arm-chair and fireside. Nothing can be more alien from its nature than to sit on the grass telling stories in the style of Rosa Matilda, and imparting confidences after the fashion of enthusiastic school-girls.

But we are more inclined to quarrel with the manner in which the authoress has executed her work than with the idea of the work itself. A good deal might have been made out of the subject had it been more artistically treated. The scheme, though far from original, might have been the vehicle for a series of simple and pathetic annals. We have always a tear ready for the story of the decayed gentlewoman. The stories of their lives told by the inmates of the noble almshouse might have been made touching and interesting. But there is nothing of this. We have instead a set of disconnected tales, remarkable for nothing but matchless improbability and rhapsodical effusions on art. Most of them are supposed to be related, we observe, by a young lady afflicted with a mad parent, resident in the hospital. They may be assumed, therefore, to reflect the mood of mind which contact with insanity generates. There is some propriety in this. But why inflict a whole *Lady's Magazine* on unoffending old bedeswomen? If any prudery survived in them, it must have been terribly shocked by "The Tale of Dora." We, who know what is the standard of propriety observed by female novelists in their works of fiction, are staggered by nothing. A poor curate has a daughter called Dora. He was "a fine nature, wasted, and wan, and ascetic, and quite unconscious of vast geological acquirements." Suddenly he is despatched by the Society for the Advancement of *British Science* to verify certain strata in the Auvergne mountains. No sooner is he gone than we are introduced to a "splendid mind, with a noble soul to bear it company," known to mankind as Walter Riddle. Of his bodily shape little is said, but it shared apparently some of the weaknesses of humanity, and a love of tobacco in particular. After spending whole evenings reading Schiller with Miss Dora, and roaming with her among the woods all day, it suddenly occurred to this "splendid mind" to propose a secret marriage within three days. Five days after the ceremony, a letter arrives stating that the chief professor's chair in "the university" has become vacant. Upon this, the "splendid mind" is quite thrown off its balance, and when Dora innocently asks why he cannot start for the professorship, he replies, bitterly, "Because I am married." His nobility of soul is displayed by his permitting his wife to return dishonoured to her father's house, and suppressing all proof of his marriage. Meanwhile, his rival, Horner, who has crossed his path at every turn, wanders promiscuously into the neighbourhood, and marries a squire's daughter, thus making it impossible that he should obtain the professorship. Upon this, the jealousy of "the noble soul" is appeased, and, a general *éclaircissement* taking place, the injured wife is taken back again, and her father is presented to a good living. This is a fair sample of the stuff with which the anile palate at Shirlet was regaled. We must protest against its accuracy on behalf of Oxford and Cambridge, where the hard rule of celibacy imposed on the Fellow does not extend at present to the Professor. But it is on the subject of Art that the authoress of this book ventures on her highest flights. There is a story called the "Story of Artistic Grace; or, the Buttercup Spoon." An intelligent governess, pondering over some buttercups plucked on Hampstead Heath, succeeds in designing from that pattern a cream-ladle. This not only makes her fortune, but obtains for her a husband in the person of a young sculptor, Grindling Gibbons. About this young man an interesting physiological fact is told. His mother, while *enceinte*, had stopped to admire "some pure and graceful outlines of Flaxman exhibited in a shop-window." Her wishes were fruitful, her child being born with a love of the beautiful, and a special idolatry of Flaxman. There is another story, entitled "Art in Bronze; we have done with Art in Wood." In this the daughter of the Prime Minister conceives a burning contempt for the working classes, because she cannot anywhere find an artistically-shaped inkstand. Upon this a young artisan sets to work to discover a new design, and, visiting an astronomer in the midland counties, discovers the form he needs in the bell-shaped Nebula. This splendid and original conception is completed by observing how the lights fall in Lichfield Cathedral. The inkstand being finished, Lady Aurora Clare is converted, and takes to reverencing the genius of the people—a poor compensation for her not marrying the gifted artisan. The lesson which Miss Meteyard preaches is a very simple one, that Nature should be observed for purposes of Art. But in the following highly mystical and esoteric passage we recognise the principles of neither art nor grammar:—

Heretofore, through much of what has been named high art, the artist has seen only the canvas and landscape before him; by and by, the daily uprising and downlying, the food, the house, the habiliments, the moral rule, the self-respect, the love of friends, the hate of enemies, will be all seen as active in the creation of the picture or the statue. When once we recognise this for the profound law it is, we shall see the way to a higher development of the true artist, whose power in placing on canvas, or fixing in stone, or erecting in iron, the result of a myriad generalizations, will be in proportion to their purity and worth; and who will then be able, as a true artist has beautifully said, to give the storm of storms, the sunshine of sunshines. The same law, I see, too, will operate profoundly in morals and politics.

* *The Lady Herbert's Gentlewomen*. By Eliza Meteyard ("Silverpen"). Author of "Mainstone's Housekeeper," &c. &c. 3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1862.

In this last remark, the sudden change of person is painfully suggestive of that which sometimes occurs in a housemaid's letter to her mistress.

Of course a lady's novel would not be itself if it did not dabble in a few social questions. Schools for cookery are excellent institutions, about which woman is specially qualified to speak. We listen, therefore, with respect, even to such an apostrophe as the following:—

Ay! ay! Margery Dolphin, live but to teach one hundred English girls to make Irish stew, boil a potato, and place the meal upon the three-legged table as it ought to be, and you'll have done more for the social life of England than half the laws trumpeted in Parliament, and set down pompously on parchment.

The practical difficulty, we believe, in supporting such a school is to find a market for the cooked articles. Here the problem is ingeniously solved by attaching to the school a model lodging-house for young men without incumbrances. The proximate result of this arrangement is the marriage of eleven of the youthful cooks to eleven young shopmen. This may be well called the Romance of the Kitchen, but it is hardly the object which the earnest disciple of Francatelli has in view. Then there is something to be said in favour of the Early Closing Movement. It enables shopmen to devote their evenings to the study of music and drawing. The Casino and the Coal-hole, of course, have nothing to do with their hours of relaxation. We do not pretend to understand the following, though we take it to be a very recondite sneer at the Poor-laws:—

Draw the mean between the logic of Adam Smith and his illustrious followers, and the enthusiasm of the philanthropist, and we arrive at what is the truth in respect to the virtues of self-dependence and the vices begot by ill-considered aid. In the battle of life some will fall, even through the treachery of others or unforeseen accident, and to the staff which aids their rise, who shall say nay?

On the relation of Art to social life Miss Meteyard rises to positive enthusiasm. When a wiser cultivation of the intellect, we are told, is brought to bear upon design in its three-fold application to textile, fictile, and metallurgic art, then a new age of art will have arrived and be productive of immeasurable good. We conclude by quoting a rhapsody on the Great Exhibition of 1851, worthy of a place in the *Lily and the Bee*:—

At length that glorious May-day dawned which must be ever memorable in the annals of this country, in the annals of civilization, the annals of the world; that marriage-day of Beauty to Utility, of Civilization to Art, of the Refinement that inspires to the Coarseness that degrades; that grand marriage-day of human interests to the Universal, the Pure, the Exalted: that marriage-day of which a mighty Human Advance has yet to sing the fitting Epithalamy!

A QUEEN OF "BLACK DIAMONDS."*

THIS book, or a good part of it, may please most people, and to those who own or are influential amongst collieries, may do some good. The lady tells her own story indirectly and unobtrusively. It was perhaps impossible for her to sketch the scenes in which she had largely mixed and been deeply interested without personal indications of what she is, and, perhaps, to those who know a certain locality, of who she is also. Whether "Brentwood Hall" be a *hom de plume*, or be known to the Ordnance map, is not a question of importance. "The Robin Hood Spring"—which we remember as a meet for hounds somewhere in the East Riding, though perhaps there are others of the same name—will perhaps assist our readers to decide it for themselves. The authoress's husband was squire thereof. Her widowhood, in the course of her little book's jottings, is incidentally revealed, but without any attempt to make the public confidentially acquainted with private sorrows. The lady appears to have felt her heart sink within her when first summoned by the requirements of her husband's property to reside among the coal-pits; but, by facing her difficulties with simplicity and kindness, she seems to have effectually quelled them. This is natural, if we come to think on it. Those to whom gentle and dignified kindness is a rarity are proportionably impressed by it, and thus, in one sense, the rougher a population the more easily they are won. A lady has, moreover, peculiar opportunities, and may generally command the leisure to watch for them, besides being, on the average, more largely gifted with the tact to use them. She does not find herself perplexed, as her husband might, by the contradictory relations in which he stands to those whom he seeks to benefit. A man may be employer of labour, landlord of his labourers' cottages, preserver of the game which they are fond of poaching, justice of the peace to check their misdemeanours, as well as a social pillar of the place and neighbourhood. And by the duties, sometimes peremptorily required, on the sterner side, the best-meant efforts at kindness are often neutralized. Here the ladies, then, have decidedly the best of it; and, as everybody knows they can make the best of it, even if they have it not, we do not grudge them the making even of a little book about it to show us how it was done. To illustrate the ladies' gift of absolute benevolence, we will venture an anecdote of a gentleman holding a high judicial function. A certain defendant, a poor neighbour of his, against whom judgment had gone and execution been attempted, came as an exulting suppliant to the judge's wife whilst he was absent at court, with the statement that the premises were all

locked up, and the officers couldn't get in, and with an appeal for help in pinch of need, which was immediately granted. Thus the judge, somewhat to his amusement, on his return from his duties, found defendant regaling in the servants' hall, in comfortable defiance of the jurisdiction of the court. It is not given to every lady thus to play the Portia of the superior court of mercy; but it is only an extreme case of the principle on which many of the most effectual opportunities of beneficence depend. But it is time to speak of the book which is now before us. Not the least interesting part of the authoress's narrative is the account of her musical experiences:—

In process of time our choir was formed: nine men—colliers, shoemakers, and masons by trade—two boys, and six girls.

In the course of practice, before "Mercer's" arrangement of church music had come out, the excitement of the Crimean war being at its highest, the lady, leading the choir, proposed the "Emperor's Hymn," when, in answer to her "This will do," Charles (the bass) was on his feet at once:—

"Nay, but it won't; we none on us like him!"

"Charles, Charles," said the others, in alarm, "thou musn't speak so! She must choose for us, lad!"

And I ventured to suggest that the goodness of the tune and the Emperor's character need not accord, but I saw it would not do.

"I tell thee, there can be nought good as has got t'ould Czar's naam to it. We'll pass that on, if you please."

I was discreet and did so, in spite of a rebellious pride within me, which pride, by the way, got another "snub" soon after. Revising some music one of the men had copied like copper-plate for clearness, I found the word "when" spelt "wen," and remarked on it most amiably, "I think if you look at my copy you will find *h* in this word; you can easily correct it."

"Well, but I say as how the word hasn't a *h*."

"Oh, indeed it has—look for yourself—it is always spelt with a *h*."

"Ah! that's as you think, but happen this time it wor left out. I know mine's like copy."

And I dared not press the question, but left the *h* silent.

The above shows that the position of benefactress to a colliery population has its drawbacks, from which some ladies would shrink, while others, in facing, would break down under them. The difficulty of doing good can indeed only be learnt in practice. The would-be benefactors have a constant struggle with the won't-be benefited. Pride, shyness, dulness, surliness, apathy of temperament—common where life is so largely an animal routine—tend to shut out the proffered intercourse, and to freeze up the first advances. The influence, though skillfully exerted, finds also obstructives—persons, i.e. who are morally hard in the grain and resist its working. The obstructive in question may not be consciously so. The resistance is wholly passive perhaps; but it is difficult for it not to be felt by the agent as *quasi*-active. The latter is distinctly conscious of all his or her efforts—the obstructive is simply unconscious of them. They pass off him and leave no trace; while in the mind of the agent of beneficence they score themselves in deep lines. The right solvent may at last be found, and the obstruction, once removed, may display a solid nature of rich depth and good grain; but the chances are more than equal that, before that solvent is lighted on, a spark of pride, if there be but a spark, in the bosom of the benefactress, may be struck out by this constant friction of so far futile efforts, and then, what was hopeful once becomes impossible—the spark produces an explosion which scatters, obliterates, and estranges.

There appear, moreover, tokens of an extra susceptibility in the colliery population by which the risk of such a blow-up might be considerably increased. The "humorous pieces," when suggested by the lady instructress to the choir, were deemed "too common," and distrusted as affording "a suspicion of laughing more at the singers than the song." Our authoress, however, steered her way clear of such shoals, organized a band, gave a dance-supper, and set up a reading-room and an evening-school—taught by "my governess, daughter, and self"—as the winter came on, besides patronizing "three flower shows, one of them for pigs." And here occurs a stroke of good policy which many benefactresses would have missed, and which makes us to some extent familiar with the manner of the lady in doing what she did. In the "flower show for pigs," she says:—

Of course I exhibited an animal, I think merely to make every one else more in love with their own, as it was invariably proved; all the bad points a pig could possess were discernible in mine. To see the lucky ones led off the grounds with a large white satin rosette tied round their fat necks was a yearly amusement to me.

Another passage on colliery susceptibility is worth notice. The lady had "lectured" at special request on an historical subject which, not being to be found in "Goldsmith," was looked upon as suspicious—i.e. as a joke played off by the lecturer on her hearers at their expense. It is observable that they do not seem to have thought for a moment of complimenting themselves at her expense by supposing her ill-informed and themselves sagacious critics.

Of all things the colliers hated most was the idea of being laughed at. Laugh at them: and you lost them, laugh with them and you gained them.

The custom, common in various parts of England, of the village singers going about on Christmas Eve with some rude implements of music, or in some grotesque disguises, to beg from the wealthier the materials of entertainment, was found to mar the efficiency of the choir on Christmas Day. Appealing to the mothers did no good. "It allus wor so, and if lasses got a bit o' cold why it

* *Life amongst the Colliers*. London: Saunders, Otley, & Co. 1862.

couldn't be helped." The curate, reproving sharply but ineffectually in the vestry, was followed up by the lady, who spoke her mind with some success, including a home-thrust at the "alto," who beat his wife. The scene in question, page 145-6, is among the best in the book, but too long for extract. But, amidst all these tokens of susceptibility and pig-headedness, our authoress found some traits of a nobler stamp, and what she found in this kind that she fastened on and let the others go. And this is the real secret of social success—to improve what is rather than "force" for what is not. She reflects as follows:—

We came to the conclusion that we had no right to decry the too frequent drunkenness before we tried to provide some better occupation; and therefore set to work in earnest to repair the mischief our absenteeism had caused. The man who, to be made organist at five pounds a-year, thought little of walking eight miles when his day's work was done, for a music lesson; the collier whose pastime "was making a harmonium for his son," surely deserved all the helps, and more, that we could give. To all whom fortune places in a similar position, I say, before you condemn the collier for drowning over-hours and money in beer, help him to something better. A little patience, a great indifference to manners, when the heart is good, (who thinks of the dress when they have found the ore?) and it will be among a very different sort of men to ours, if you are not soon cheered on by the reward of success. The effect of personal kindness on our poor old people would seem an exaggeration, did I attempt to describe it. How often sixpence taken was worth a shilling sent.

Our authoress has something, moreover, of a discernment of character suited for practical, we should judge, but certainly for literary purposes. The following may serve as a specimen. The village choir was to be fêted by hearing the *Messiah* in a neighbouring town; and from amid the enthusiastic expressions recorded as excited by the occasion we cull the following:—

One told me, "when it came to 'The trumpet shall sound,' I wor not able to keep my seat; I stood oop, it seemed as day o' joodgement had come in earnest; I mun ha' gone out if it had lasted any longer; I know my hair was up on end. I clapped my hand o' my head to feel;" thereby proving the power of imagination as well as music, for the speaker was remarkably bald.

The lady was stopped one day in a lone part of the road, by a big collier, who planted himself in the middle of it with the ominous words:—

"Be you the Missis? I reckon ye are, and I've been lookin' out for ye some time to speak my mind." . . . I looked around for help, but in vain, so "assuming a virtue I had not," said courageously, "And now you do find me, speak your mind, and let me pass on." "Well," replied this terrible collier, "I'm Bill Mosley, and it wor my bairns as you sent bits o' dinner and clothes to when my missus wor ta'en away wi' fever—awhile sin'; and it's the Lord 'll thank you, for I can't. Good day!"

We might pick many little flowerets of anecdote—such as, how "Band (i.e. the village band) had been out, and doom (i.e. big drum) had gotten droonk;" how, on another occasion, when the services of the same band were required without due notice, they came in their "every-day fustian," instead of in their uniform, when the leader made the explanatory remark, "Very sorry, but you see dooks hez gone to wesh!" which the authoress interprets to mean that "the white trousers were in the wash-tub." We further learn how a well-meaning zealot at the club gave a lecture "on Gregorian chants" with a soporific effect. But though there are plenty of such plums, it is not fair to pick them out of the book at this rate. We will conclude, therefore, by expressing our objection to about three chapters, containing the "lectures" which the authoress gave on request to the same audience. The first two, "on Dress," are a slightly historical farrago from fifth-rate compilations, with a predominance of Mrs. Markham. The last, called "the Rag-Bag," from the miscellaneous character avowed for its contents, is like nothing so much as the most obscure corner of a most obscure provincial newspaper, cut out for some weeks of the dull season and pasted together. A lady may be permitted for her own convenience to keep a "rag-bag," real or figurative, as a gentleman may a waste-paper basket, but there is no excuse for emptying it thus in the face of the public. And even if the colliery audience at "Brentwood" received it with unbounded applause, their lecturer might have rested satisfied with that success without parading such doubtful laurels in a wider circle. The origin of roast goose on Michaelmas Day, of "beef-enters," and of "sirloin," may have been new to the colliers, and perhaps just to state that they were might afford a useful gauge of the average collier intellect; but that is surely no reason for reciting at length the anecdotes which conveyed them. Perhaps it would have left the volume too lean to have excised the nearly eighty pages which contain these "lectures" out of the rather more than two hundred which complete the book. Still, such retrenchment was certainly among those sterner duties of authorship which the lady of "Brentwood" has overlooked, and which, if she ventures into print again, we respectfully commend to her observance. Probably some more incidents or anecdotes from her note-book of colliery life and character might easily have made up the balance of pages; and if so, we add our regrets that the resource was not adopted; for we think that such genuine fragments of "Black Diamonds" are likely to be as amusing to the general public as the stale substitutes of King Hal's broad-toed shoes, and Queen Elizabeth's first silk stockings and exaggerated ruffs, were to the willing listeners at "Brentwood."

The public heart has lately been so harrowed by the fearful havoc at Hartley, that it is ready to receive with sympathy and welcome illustrations of the lives of that class of the population, the overwhelming catastrophe of whose death has sunk so deeply into it. But at the same time that we wish the little book success,

we decline wishing it a successor. Let the authoress rest contented with what she has done, and may no pit ever swallow up alive the working manhood of "Brentwood," and assemble its women in woeful agony of suspense around such a dismal brink as that of Hartley.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications.

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THOMAS HEADLAND, Secretary.

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The press of copies of pictures exhibited, intended for sale, should be forwarded to the Secretary, so that they may be described accordingly in the Catalogue kept in the Gallery for the purpose. A Commission of 20 per cent. will be charged upon all sales effected.

ALFRED H. WALL, Hon. Secretary.
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MUSICAL UNION. — Eighteenth Season, 1862. — The Record

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CHARLES DICKENS, Esq., in the Chair.
Dinner on the Table at Six precisely. Tickets 21s. each, to be had of the Secretaries, of Henry Wynne Jones every Wednesday, for 2 George Street, Hanover Square, W., of Freemasons' Tavern; and of Mr. F. W. Maynard, Assist.-Sec., 13 Great Western Terrace, Westbourne Park Road, W.

RAY SOCIETY. — Any Gentleman desirous of joining this Society may hear of a Complete Set of its PUBLICATIONS, from the commencement to the Year 1861 inclusive, FOR SALE, by applying to

M. OULS & Son, Booksellers, Glasgow.

TO PRINCIPALS, HEAD MASTERS, and OTHERS ENGAGED IN TUITION. TO be LET on LEASE, for a term of years, a PROPRIETARY COLLEGE, standing on its own grounds of Eight Acres, on an eminence commanding a magnificent prospect.

The situation is unequalled for its salubrity, and within one mile of the centre of one of the most attractive Cities in the West of England.

The building has been recently erected, at a large outlay, expressly for the purposes of a Proprietary College, and is capable of accommodating upwards of 400 pupils.

The present gross revenue arising from Tuition fees only is about £300 per annum. For further particulars address M. A. (No. 8), care of Messrs. Parker & Son, Oxford; or Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Cambridge, 6th March, 1862.

FOR SALE, a compact FREEHOLD ESTATE in South Kent, comprising nearly 100 Acres of fine Marsh Land in excellent order. It is let on Lease for about seven years, to a highly respectable Tenant, at the low net rental of £400; the Tenant has a right of way over the land, and is in possession of a large quantity of timber.

For further particulars address M. A. (No. 8), care of Messrs. Parker & Son, Oxford; or Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Cambridge, 6th March, 1862.

E. LAZENBY & SON, FINEST WAREHOUSEMEN and FAMILY GROCERS, beg to direct attention to their choice Selections of Breakfast and Luncheon Delicacies, Comestibles, and Articles for Dessert, including amongst others York and Westphalia Hams, Pickled and Smoked Ox Tongues, Strasbourg and Yorkshire Pies, Smoked Salmon, Sardines, Gorgonzola Anchovies, French Truffles, Preserved Green Peas, French Beans, Mushrooms, Tomatoes, French and Spanish Olives, Crystallized and Glazed Apricots, Green Gages, Strawberries and Angelica, Jordan Almonds, Muscatel Raisins, Figs, French Plums, and a variety of French Chocolates and Bonbons. Their celebrated Pickles and Sauces prepared under personal supervision, from the finest French Fruit, Tea, Coffee, Sugars, Spices, Soap, Candles, Colza Oil, and all Household Requisites supplied of the best descriptions.

Families regularly waited on for orders.
6 Edwards Street, Portman Square, London, W.

N.B. — Sole Proprietors of the Receipt for Harvey's Sauce.

HANDSOME BRASS and IRON BEDSTEADS. — HEAL and SON'S Show Rooms contain a large assortment of Brass Bedsteads, suitable both for Home use and for Tropical Climates; a handsome Iron Bedsteads with Brass Mountings and elegantly japanned Pill Iron Bedsteads for Servants; every description of Wood Bedstead that is manufactured, in Mahogany, Birch, Walnut Tree wood, Polished Deal and Japanned, all fitted with Bedding and Furniture complete, as well as every description of Bedroom Furniture.

HEAL and SON'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, containing Designs and Prices of 100 Bedsteads, as well as of 150 different articles of Bedroom Furniture, sent free by Post. — HEAL and SON, Bedstead, Bedding and Bedroom Furniture Manufacturers, 136 Tottenham Court Road, W.

ATTENTION TO PHYSICAL VIGOUR is a duty that every man owes to himself and to his country. Pure air, moderate diet, cheerful occupation, and the occasional use of PARK'S LIFE PILLS, will produce such an effect upon the system, as to give VIGOUR and STRENGTH, and make people fit for the performance of arduous bodily exercise.

PARK'S LIFE PILLS may be obtained of any Medicine Vendor, in boxes, 1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., and in Family Packets, 1s. each.

OLDRIDGE'S BALM OF COLUMBIA, established upwards of thirty years, is the best and only certain remedy ever discovered for preserving, strengthening, beautifying, or restoring the Hair, Whiskers, or Moustache, and preventing them turning grey. — Sold in bottles, 2s. 6d., 5s., and 10s., by C. & A. OLDRIDGE, 5 Wellington Street, London, W.C., and by all Chemists and Perfumers. For Children and Ladies' Hair it is most efficacious and unrivalled.

SIR JAMES MURRAY'S PATENT FLUID MAGNESIA, CORDIAL CAMPHOR, and LEMON SYRUP. Bottles now double the size and effect. At all the chief Druggists, and the Works, 101 Strand, London; with Dispensing Jars and Books.

HYDROPATHY. — WINTER TERMS. — THE BEULAH SPA HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT. Upper Norwood, within 20 minutes' walk of the Crystal Palace, is OPEN for the RECEPTION of PATIENTS and VISITORS. Terms: Patients, from Three Guineas; Visitors, from Two Guineas upwards, according to accommodation. Particulars of Dr. RITTERBANDT, M.D., Sole Proprietor.

HYDROPATHIC SANATORIUM. — SUBBROOK PARK, Richmond Hill, Surrey. — Physician, Dr. E. W. LANE, M.A., M.D., Edin. The TURKISH BATH on the premises, under Dr. Lane's medical direction. Consultations in London, at the City Turkish Baths, 5 South Street, Finsbury, every Tuesday and Friday, between One and Four.

GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH, USED IN THE ROYAL LAUNDRY, and recommended by HER MAJESTY'S LAUNDRESSES to be the FINEST STARCH SHE EVER USED. Sold by all Chandlers, Grocers, &c. &c. — WOTHERSPOON and CO., Glasgow and London.

SAUCE. — LEA & PERRINS Beg to Caution the Public against Spurious Imitations of their world-renowned WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.

Purchasers should ask for LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE. Pronounced by Connoisseurs to be "THE ONLY GOOD SAUCE."

Sold Wholesale and for Export, by the Proprietors, Worcester, Messrs. COATES & BLACKWELL, London, &c. &c., and by Grocers and Oilmen universally.

V.R. — ROYAL TURKISH BATHS, BLOOMSBURY. V.R. — BEST GENTLEMEN. (2s. 6d.) ONLY ONE for LADIES. (2s. 6d.) ALWAYS READY. Public and Private. Cards free by post. 20 QUEEN SQUARE, BLOOMSBURY, W.C.

From Six to Nine P.M., ONE SHILLING, with every luxury.

TAYLOR BROTHERS' ICELAND MOSS COCOA is an invaluable article of diet for Invalids and persons of weak digestion.

Sold by all Grocers at 1s. 4d. per lb.

TAYLOR BROTHERS' HOMOEOPATHIC COCOA, for price and quality combined, stands unequalled.

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PERFECT FREEDOM from COUGHS is insured by Dr. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS. — From J. W. F. COUNSELL, bookseller, Row 1. — "I only sell your wafers, but I can tell you highly spoken of by those who use them. I have found them excellent in coughs, colds, and all disorders of the breath and lungs. To sneeze and public smoke they are invaluable for clearing and strengthening the voice. They have a pleasant taste. Price 1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., and 11s. per box. Sold by all chemists."

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March 22, 1862.]

SEVENTH DIVISION OF PROFITS.

Clerical, Medical, & General Life Assurance Society.

PRESIDENT.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

VICE-PRESIDENTS.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

LORD CROFTON.

THE EARL OF GALLOWAY.

THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN.

DIRECTORS.

CHAIRMAN—JOSEPH HENRY GREEN, Esq., D.C.L., F.R.S.

President of the General Council of Medical Education and Registration of the United Kingdom.

DEPUTY-CHAIRMAN { RIGHT HON JOHN ROBERT MOWBRAY, M.P., Mortimer, Reading.

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JAMES DUNLAP, M.D., Queen's Terrace, Windsor.

ACTUARY AND SECRETARY.

GEORGE CUTCLIFFE, Esq.

REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS.

Read at an Extraordinary General Meeting, held at the Society's Office, on the 2nd day of January, 1862.

In conformity with the provisions of the Deed of Constitution, and of the Society's special Act of Parliament, the Directors have called the present Meeting, for the purpose of submitting to the Proprietors and to the Assured the result of an investigation into the affairs of the Quinquennial period, which terminated on the 30th June, 1861.

On that day the Society completed its thirty-seventh year; and the present investigation has fully realized those anticipations of success to which the Directors have given frequent expression in their Annual Reports.

It will be expedient, in the first place, briefly to trace the progress of the Society during the period now under review. This can best be done by a reference to a few of the more important items in the Account rendered at the last Division, the results of which were justly regarded with more than ordinary satisfaction.

The new Assurances effected during the five years just completed covered a total sum of £1,488,370, being an increase of £62,915 on those of the former period.

The Income of the Society, which on the 30th June, 1856, was £166,800, reached £195,400 on the 30th of June, 1861, showing an increase since the last Division of £28,600 per annum.

The Assurance Fund rose from £1,184,376, in 1856, to £1,422,191, in 1861, being an increase of £237,815.

This increase in the Income and Assurance Fund is, however, far from indicating the full expansion of either. At the last Division, two new privileges came into operation for the first time, by one of which the value of the Reversionary Bonus then declared might be taken by the Assured in an immediate cash payment, and by the other, in a large reduction of the premiums during the succeeding five years. The amount then paid in cash was £34,472, whilst the reduction of premium allowed for five years exceeded £3450 per annum. These modes of appropriation were embraced by the holders of 2282 Policies, 1673 of whom elected to take cash payments, and 609 the reductions of premiums for five years—a result most decisive as to the popularity of both privileges among the Assured.

The claims by death, including Bonus Additions, that accrued during the five years to June, 1861, amounted to £464,380, being an increase on the five years to June, 1856, of £121,983, and making the total Claims, from the commencement of the Society, £1,521,878. The increase, which naturally arose from the Claims under Policies on the lives of persons advanced in years, deserves notice, as illustrating how effectually the Society is fulfilling the object for which it was established.

The interest yielded during the period under consideration on all the Society's property, invested and uninvested, was on the average 44 per cent.; thus fully maintaining the rate realized during the previous five years.

On the 30th June last, the number of Assurances in force was 7630, and the amount payable under them, including Bonuses, £4,837,914, being an increase in the Quinquennial period of 1100 in number, and £719,154 in amount.

By the annexed statement of Assets and Liabilities, it will be seen that, after deducting the Proprietors' capital of £50,000,

The Assets on the 30th June last were	£1,422,191	18	8
And the Liabilities to the same date	1,132,744	11	7
Leaving a Surplus of	289,447	7	1

From this surplus the sum of £50,000 must, in conformity with the Society's special Act of Parliament, be first set aside as a permanent reserve fund; and of the remaining £239,447 7s. 1d., the Directors have determined to recommend the Division of £237,000, being the nearest amount convenient for distribution. The amount divided on the last occasion was £195,000.

Of the £237,000 now to be apportioned, one-sixth, or £39,500, will fall to the Proprietors, and five-sixths, or £197,500, to the Assured, yielding a Reversionary addition to the Policies of £275,077. In this sum every Policy on the participating scale of premium, existing on the 30th June last, will share, in exact proportion to its contribution to the funds of the Society since the last Division.

The satisfaction with which this result must be regarded, and the confidence with which it will be accepted by both Proprietors and Assured, will be further strengthened by a consideration of the measures that have been taken to ensure its unquestionable accuracy and perfect safety.

As on all former occasions, the valuation of the Liabilities has been at once rigorous and minute. Each Policy has been separately valued and independently checked, and all the multitudinous details of the Bonus Apportionments have been determined with equal care. The Carlisle rate of Mortality, on which the Office Tables are based, was employed; 3 per cent. was the rate of interest assumed throughout all the calculations; and none but the net premiums were taken into account. The profit to be divided is, therefore, profit actually realized—every encroachment on, or anticipation of, future profits having been scrupulously avoided. Of the Assets it need only be said that, as heretofore, they are in every case sound and unimpeachable.

The Reversionary Bonus of £275,077, before mentioned, will average 48 per cent., varying with the different ages from 33 to 89 per cent. on the premiums received since June, 1856, on all the Policies among which it will be distributed. The Bonus declared in 1857 averaged 46 per cent., and varied from 31 to 85 per cent. on the premiums of the previous five years.

The Cash Bonus, which is the present value of the reversionary amount, will, on this occasion, average 28 per cent. of the premiums received in the present Quinquennial period, as against 27 per cent. at the last Division. This cash return is among the largest ever given by any Office, and strikingly exhibits the measure of the Society's success.

There is yet one other illustration of the comparative results of the present Bonus that will doubtless be acceptable, as pointing to the large reductions of premiums that may be expected from accumulated Bonuses. It will now be at the option of 176 Policy-holders to relieve themselves of all further payments whatever on account of their assurances, by the surrender, in some cases, of the whole, and in others, of a part only of their Bonus additions, their Policies at the same time having the right of sharing, as fully as at present, in every future division of profits at which such Policies may be in existence. The number, in 1852, to whom this benefit was available, was 11 only; in 1857, but 60; whilst now, as has been stated, it has reached 176.

In concluding their Report, the Directors cannot refrain from combining with their hearty congratulations as to the results of the past, anticipations not less cheering as to the prospects of the future. The statements that are now before the Meeting have revealed no sign of pause, much less of retrogression. They have, on the contrary, demonstrated that, with matured strength and increased solidity, the Society maintains all its early elasticity and vigour. Ample reserves, resulting from cautious modes of valuation, have secured to it many sources of undeveloped profit for future realization and division, whilst the economical management and careful supervision of its funds will contribute in no small degree to their steady accumulation. These considerations leave no reasonable doubt as to the fuller expansion of the Society's operations, and justify the confident hope of its increasing prosperity and usefulness.

ASSETS AND LIABILITIES ON 30TH JUNE, 1861.

ASSETS.		£	s.	d.
Funded Property—viz., £235,000 Stock	...	234,170	11	0
East India Stock, £25,000	...	54,000	0	0
India Bonds, £20,000	...	19,420	0	0
Mortgages	...	534,450	14	0
Advanced on Life Interests	...	145,298	0	0
Freehold House for the Society's Offices	...	12,750	0	0
Value of Bonuses on Policies belonging to the Society at other Offices	...	5,793	3	3
Premiums, Dividends on Stock, and proportion of Interest due	...	26,314	14	7
Agents' Quarterly Balances	...	15,511	12	3
Balance at London and Westminster Bank	...	8,528	7	9
Cash in the Office	...	219	15	10
Total Assets	...	1,472,191	18	8
Deduct Proprietors' Guarantee Fund	...	50,000	0	0
Consolidated or Assurance Fund	...	1,422,191	18	8
LIABILITIES.		£	s.	d.
Value of Policies effected on the Participating Scale	...	874,350	5	5
Value of Six Bonuses already declared	...	185,703	5	5
Value of Policies effected on the Non-participating Scale	...	40,020	19	0
Value of Annuities	...	2,080	10	7
Dividends due	...	2,560	0	0
Claims by Deaths which occurred before 30th June, 1861, unpaid	...	21,848	4	0
Due for Rates, Income Tax, Commission, and sundry Expenses	...	2,362	4	2
Surplus	...	1,132,744	11	7
Deduct Reserve Fund, pursuant to Sec. 32 of the Society's special Act of Parliament	...	289,447	7	1
Available for Division	...	843,297	4	6

The next Division of Profits will take place in January, 1862, and Persons who effect New Policies before the end of June next will be entitled at that Division to one year's additional share of Profits over later Assurers.

Tables of Rates, Forms of Proposal, and further Information, can be obtained from any of the Society's Agents; or of
GEORGE CUTCLIFFE, ACTUARY AND SECRETARY,
15 St. James's Square, London, W.

LONDON LIFE ASSOCIATION, 81 KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C. INSTITUTED 1806.

PRESIDENT—CHARLES FRANKS, Esq.
VICE-PRESIDENT—JOHN BENJAMIN HEATH, Esq.

TRUSTEES.

Francis Henry Mitchell, Esq.
Alfred Head, Esq.

Robert Hanbury, Esq.
Bonamy Dobree, Esq.

The London Life Association was established more than fifty years ago, on the principle of mutual assurance, the whole of the benefits being shared by the members assured. The surplus is ascertained each year, and appropriated solely to a reduction of the premiums after seven years' payments have been made.

If the present rate of reduction be maintained, persons now effecting assurances will be entitled, after seven years, to a reduction of 75 per cent., whereby each £10 of annual premium will be reduced to £2 15s.

This Society has paid in claims more than £433,000
And has policies now in force amounting to £4,400,000
Its accumulated fund exceeds £2,750,000
And its gross income is upwards of £40,000
Assurances may be effected up to £10,000 on the same life.

The Society has no agents and allows no commission, nevertheless the new assurances effected in the last financial year amounted to £257,240, and the new annual premiums to £10,567.
EDWARD DOCKER, Secretary.

THE LONDON ASSURANCE—Offices, No. 7 Royal Exchange, E.C., and No. 7 Pall Mall, S.W.—for FIRE, LIFE, and MARINE ASSURANCES.

This Corporation has been established nearly a century and a half, having been incorporated by Royal Charter in the year 1720.
Prospectuses and every information may be obtained by a written or personal application as above.
JOHN LAURENCE, Secretary.

THE SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

In Extent of Business and Annual Revenue, is the
LARGEST MUTUAL OFFICE IN THE WORLD.
HEAD OFFICE—No. 9 ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH.

FUNDS AND REVENUE.

Policy-holders' Fund, Realised and Invested..... £3,700,000
Annual Revenue..... £430,000

MODERATE PREMIUMS.

The Premiums are somewhat under the average of those charged by the Leading Life Offices of the country.

EFFECT OF BONUSES ON POLICIES FOR £1,000.

These Bonuses are not exceeded by those of any other Office.

Date of Policy.	1862	1863	1864	1865	1866
1815	£2372	£2409	£2446	£2483	£2519
1820	2011	2042	2073	2104	2135
1825	1863	1912	1941	1979	2009
1830	1756	1782	1809	1837	1864
1835	1614	1639	1664	1689	1714
1840	1468	1491	1514	1537	1559
1845	1327	1348	1369	1389	1409
1850	1229	1248	1267	1287	1306
1855	1134	1152	1169	1187	1204

ALL NECESSARY INFORMATION SENT FREE.

The New Prospectus contains Tables of Premiums, Bonuses, and Surrender Values of Policies, with detailed Examples and Explanations, and will be sent free, with forms of proposal, on application.

AGENTS FOR LONDON.

Central Agent.—Hugh McKean, 4 Royal Exchange Buildings, Cornhill.
Local Agents.—Major R. S. Ridge, 49 Pall Mall, Agent for the West End District; Benton Feeley, Islington Green, Agent for Islington District; Robertson and White, Accountants, 4 Princess-street, Bank of England.

EQUITABLE ASSURANCE OFFICE,

NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS.—ESTABLISHED 1763.

DIRECTORS.

The Right Hon. Lord TREDEGAR, President.

William F. Pollock, Esq., V.P.

William Dacres Adams, Esq.

John Charles Burgoine, Esq.

Lord G. H. Cavendish, M.P.

Frederick Cowper, Esq.

Philip Hardwick, Esq.

Richard Goulton, Esq.

Peter Martineau, Esq.

John Aldin Moore, Esq.

Charles Pott, Esq.

Rev. John Russell, D.D.

James Spicer, Esq.

J. Charles Tempier, Esq.

The Equitable is an entirely mutual office, and has now been established for a century. The reserve, at the last "real" in December, 1859, exceeded three-fourths of a million sterling, a sum more than double the corresponding fund of any similar institution.
The bonuses paid on claims, in the 10 years ending on the 31st December, 1859, exceeded £2,500,000, being more than 100 per cent. on the amount of all those claims.

The Capital on the 31st December, 1861, consisted of—
£1,280,000 in the 3 per Cent.
£108,698 Cash on Mortgage.
£20,000 Cash advanced on Debentures.
£22,440 Cash advanced on security of Policies.

The Annual Income exceeds £400,000.

Policies effected in the current year 1866 will be entitled to additions on payment of the Annual Premium due in 1867; and in the order to be made for Retrospective Additions in 1870, be entitled to the benefit of such order rateably with every other Policy then existing—in respect of the Annual Premium paid thereon in the years 1862, 1863, 1864, 1865, 1866, 1867, 1868, 1869, or on seven payments; and in 1880 a further Retrospective addition will be raised on seventeen Annual Payments, and so on.

On the surrender of policies the full value is paid, without any deduction; or the Directors will advance nine-tenths of such surrender value as a temporary accommodation on the deposit of the policy.

No extra premium is charged for service in any Volunteer Corps within the United Kingdom, during peace or war.
A weekly Court of Directors is held every Wednesday, from Eleven to One o'clock, to receive proposals for new assurances; and a short account of the Society may be had on application, personally or by post, from the office, where attendance is given daily, from Ten to Four o'clock.

ARTHUR MORGAN, Actuary.

LONDON AND LANCASHIRE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

CHIEF OFFICES—73 and 74 KING WILLIAM STREET.
(Temporary Offices during the Alterations, 73 King William Street.)

Liverpool Office—WATER STREET.
CAPITAL—ONE MILLION (with power to increase).

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Chairman—F. W. RUSSELL, Esq., M.P. (Chairman of the National Discount Co., London.)

Deputy Chairman—Mr. ALDERMAN DAKIN (Messrs. Dakin Brothers, London.)

Francis Braun, Esq. (Messrs. Messing, Braun & Co., Liverpool.)

C. B. Colchester, Esq. (Messrs. Colchesters & Woolner, London.)

J. H. R. de Castro, Esq. (Messrs. Carruthers, De Castro & Co., Manchester and London.)

D. N. Giannacopoulos, Esq. (Messrs. Giannacopoulos & Coeham, Liverpool.)

Stephen Barker Gulson, Esq. (Messrs. Gulson & Co., Liverpool.)

Mr. Al-erman Hale (Messrs. Warren S. Hale and Sons, London.)

Charles Joyce, Esq. (Messrs. Charles Joyce and Co., London.)

George Kendal, Esq. (Messrs. Kendal Brothers, Liverpool.)

J. H. Mackenzie, Esq. (Beddington, Surrey, and the Temple, London.)

John Edward Naylor, Esq. (Merchant, Liverpool.)

Lights Simpson, Esq. (Chairman of the East Anglian Railway Company, London.)

Thomas Stenhouse, Esq. (Merchant, London.)

MANAGER.

W. F. Gilreugh, Esq.

The Bank of London & Union Bank of Liverpool.

SOLICITORS.

C. J. H. Allen, Esq., 58 Threadneedle Street, London & Harwood W. Banner, Esq., Liverpool.

Messrs. Paine & Layton, London; Messrs. Fletcher and Hull, Liverpool.

PROSPECTUS.

The LONDON AND LANCASHIRE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY is established for the purpose of extending to LIVERPOOL, as well as to LONDON and elsewhere, those additional facilities for Fire Insurance which the very large increase in Commerce requires. The Directors propose to transact business at the lowest possible rates consistent with justice to the Shareholders and safety to the Insured, and they propose to extend the MUTUAL PRINCIPLE to Fire Insurance, and make the holders of Fire Policies participants in the Profits after appropriating a sufficient sum for a Reserve Fund.

INSURANCES AGAINST LOSS BY FIRE on every description of Property both at home and abroad.

MERCANTILE INSURANCES UNDERTAKEN.

COMMISSION allowed to Solicitors and others introducing business.

POLICY STAMPS paid for by the Company.

Prospectuses and every information obtained on application at the Offices as above.

IMPERIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

No. 1 OLD BROAD STREET, LONDON, E.C.—INSTITUTED 1820.

DIRECTORS.

JAMES GORDON MURDOCH, Esq., Chairman.

HENRY DAVIDSON, Esq., Deputy-Chairman.

Thomas Geo. Barclay, Esq.

James C. C. Bell, Esq.

Charles Carr, Esq.

Edward H. Chapman, Esq.

George Wm. Cottam, Esq.

George Henry Cutler, Esq.

George Field, Esq.

George Hibbert, Esq.

Samuel Hibbert, Esq.

Thos. Newman Hunt, Esq.

Frederick Pattison, Esq.

William R. Robinson, Esq.

Martin T. Smith, Esq., M.P.

Newman Smith, Esq.

PROFITS.—Four-fifths, or 80 per cent., of the Profits are assigned to Policies every fifth year.

The assured are entitled to participate after payment of one premium.

BONUS.—The Decennial Additions made to Policies issued before the 4th of January, 1862, vary from 47s to 41s 10s. per cent. on the sums insured, according to their respective dates.

The Quinquennial Additions made to Policies issued after the 4th of January, 1862, vary in like manner from 28s 17s. to 21s. per cent. on the sums insured.

PURCHASE OF POLICIES.—A Liberal Allowance is made on the Surrender of a Policy, either by a cash payment or the issue of a policy free of premium.

LOANS.—The Directors will lend sums of £50 and upwards on the security of policies effected with this Company for the whole term of life, when they have acquired an adequate value.

Insurances without Participation in Profits may be effected at reduced rates.

Prospectuses and further information may be had at the Chief Office, as above; at the Branch Office, 16 Pall Mall; or of the Agents in Town and Country.

SAMUEL INGALL, Actuary.

THE COMMERCIAL UNION ASSURANCE COMPANY.

CHIEF OFFICE—19 CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.

Capital £2,500,000.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY WM. PEEK, Esq., Chairman.

HENRY TROWEL, Esq., Vice-Chairman.

Jeremiah Colman, Esq.

Charles Curlew, Esq.

Edwin Fox, Esq.

Nehemiah Griffiths, Esq.

Samuel Hanson, Esq.

George Harker, Esq.

Frederick William Harris, Esq.

Smith Harrison, Esq.

David Hart, Esq.

Francis Hicks, Esq.

John Hodgson, Esq.

John Humphrey, Jun., Esq.

Moses Joshua, Esq.

William Leach, Esq.

Andrew Lusk, Esq.

John Robert Thomson, Jun., Esq.

Joseph Underwood, Esq.

John Kemp Welch, Esq.

MANAGER—Henry Thomson.

BANKERS—The London and County Bank.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

This Company is UNLIMITED by any combination with other offices.
The scale of premiums adopted for MERCHANTS and GENERAL BUSINESS is based on the principle of CLASSIFICATION—the charge being in proportion to the CHARACTER of the BUSINESS.

Proposals received for the protection of all descriptions of property.

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